THE LIVING AGE.

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THE LAST MILESTONE.

Another milestone marks the way;
  Sombre and stern its height uprears,
It chills us with the shadowed gray
  Of fleeting time and vanished years.

So short a time ago—in June—
  With dancing steps we gaily went;
Now mellow lights of afternoon
  Give warning that the day is spent.

Ah, when we parted, young and true,
  How high we dreamed of conquests won!
Alas! how much we planned to do
  Our feeble hands have left undone!

How many broken visions trail
  Their fitful splendor o'er the skies;
How many heights we thought to scale
  Life's mists have hidden from our eyes!

How many lovely dreams of sweet
  Have drifted out of sight and mind;
How many hopes our hasting feet
  Have left forgotten far behind!

Ah me! the milestones thronging fast
  About us, on our shortening way,
Imperious date our far-off past,
  And beckon back to yesterday.

Thus, while the sun sets, flaming strange
  Wild beauty o'er the darkening night,
Thrills through us that great thought of Change
  Should the last milestone be in sight.

Mary M. Curchod.

Chambers's Journal.

CARPE DIEM.

Sing, love, to-day; to-morrow we are sped:
  Swift time whirls all our little joys away;
And sweetest throats so soon are stuffed with clay;
So soon sweet song forgets her singers dead.
Use now thy lips, with lilting life so red;
  Lips prone to laughter, pipe a happy lay
  Ere the blithe glow of love's warm summer day
Dips to the winter where no word is said.
Sing of the sun, of winds flower-fragrant; praise
  Streams that make mimic lightnings to the moon:
All fluting flies; 'tis only memory stays—
  To tell to love the story of her noon
In the mute dusk at the lone parting ways.
  Sing, sing to-day! we shall be silent soon.

James A. Mackereth.

SLUMBER SONG.

Tread softly, velvet-slippered night,
Pass tiptoe on your endless way,
Draw close the wide-blown draperies,
Dark vagabond, about your eyes,
That no chance ray of curious light
May pierce the shadows, cool and deep,
Where lies my child, tired out by day,
  Asleep.

You stealthy night-gusts, hold your breath,
Back to the woods, you timid spies;
Whisper no wanton secrets, breeze,
To stir the pulses of the trees,
And wake her from her nightly death;
Nor bid a languorous south-wind creep
To melt the snow-drifts, where she lies
  Asleep.

V. Goldie.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

Nothing on the gray roof, nothing on the brown,
Only a little greening where the rain drips down;
Nobody at the window, nobody at the door,
Only a little hollow which a foot once wore;
But still I tread on tiptoe, still tiptoe on I go,
Past nettles, porch, and weedy well, for oh, I know
A friendless face is peering, a clear, still eye
Peeps closely through the casement as my step goes by.

Walter de la Mare.

SERVIA IRREDENTA.*

The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne by a young Servian, in the avowed belief that he was by that act advancing the cause of the Servian people, shows how far Europe still is—and perhaps always will be—from a settlement of the many racial problems that perplex statesmen and estrange peoples. Yet during the past fifty years Europe has been thinking, with little intermission, of racial problems, and it may almost be said that the dominant fact of the latter half of the nineteenth century is the emergence of new nationalities based upon racial self-consciousness.

The settlement arrived at after Waterloo delivered the major nations from the short-lived domination of Napoleon; but it was a settlement conceived in the interest of dynasties rather than peoples, and it parcelled out as much of Europe as the negotiators could bring within their purview without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants. Government, it was held, was the business of the Great Powers, with their hereditary rulers and their elaborately organized bureaucracies; peoples were merely so much material to be governed. Exceptions had to be admitted—notably in the case of Switzerland—where the peoples were compact and prepared to fight for their old traditions of independence; but the general idea of the settlement was to divide Europe—as much of Europe, that is to say, as was not under the dominion of the Turks—into prefectures of police under the central control of the Holy Alliance. That meant, of course, in central Europe, which alone concerns us here, the delimitation of the several spheres of influence of Russia, Prussia, and Austria: a delimitation which took no cognizance whatsoever of the national sentiments of such peoples as Hungarians, Italians, Czechs, Ruthenians, Roumanians, Poles, and Servians.

Such were the conditions in which the new era was inaugurated; and the subsequent history of the epoch has been, in the main, the history of the conflict of two tendencies. On the one hand we have seen the three Great Powers involved aiming, often in bitter rivalry with one another, at consolidation and expansion; on the other hand we have seen the minor nationalities which the settlement ignored growing up to racial manhood, developing their racial individualities, and maintaining their racial rights. In the period under review, Prussia has conquered the hegemony of the German Empire, and acquired fresh territory from the French and the Danes. Russia, during the same period, has acquired Bessarabia and destroyed the constitution of Finland; Austria has annexed Bosnia.

That is one side of the picture; and the great peril to European peace is commonly assumed to lie in the further pursuit of the ambitions which it exhibits. Germany, we are warned, has designs upon Denmark, Holland, Belgian Flanders, and the German-speaking cantons of Switzerland; Russia, apart from her Asiatic ambitions, has an eye upon the ice-free harbors of Norway; Austria sees her future in the Balkans, to which she hopes to obtain access by way of Albania. All that may be true; but it is by no means the whole of the truth; and political predictions based upon it will probably prove to be erroneous. There is an-

*1. "The Hapsburg Monarchy." By Henry Wickham Steed. Constable. New Edition. 1914.
2. "The Servian People: their Past Glory and their Destiny." By Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich. Werner Laurie. 1910.
3. "L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au Seuil du Vingtieme Siecle." By Andre Cheradame. Paris. 1901.

other side to the picture which shows us quite different forces at work: that rise of the younger, self-assertive nationalities which has proceeded *pari passu* with the aggrandizement of the Powers in whose dominions they have found themselves reluctantly incorporated.

The fortunes of Russia, in this connection, do not concern us, though the unexpected vigor of the Bulgarian nationality—hardly known to exist half a century ago—has, for the time being, barred Russian progress, once supposed to be inevitable, towards Constantinople. The fortunes of Germany only concern us indirectly, though it is to be noted that wherever German authority has been extended over other nationalities—in Prussian Poland and Schleswig-Holstein, not less than in Alsace—there is an open sore. The fortunes of Austria, to which we must try to confine ourselves, have been the stormiest of all. There, in 1815, the situation was that of a Teuton bureaucracy ruling over a hotch-potch of races, assumed to be the natural inferiors of the controlling race; and the subsequent history of the country has shown up those inferior races denying their inferiority at the top of their voices, and trying—sometimes successfully and sometimes unsuccessfully—to kick over the traces.

First came the triumph of the Italians of Lombardy and Venetia. In 1815, and for many years afterwards, the ruling Austrian caste took a purely contemptuous view of these Italians, calling them "mongrels"—a medley of Gauls, Celts, Goths, Germans, Greeks, Normans, and Arabs—and believing them to be equally incapable of unity and self-government. Hübner wrote of them in that strain—sparing them no disdainful epithet—as late as 1848, concluding his tirade with the words "I cannot believe in a United Italy"; but, only eleven years later, the union of Italy was an accomplished fact. The Austrians had to give up Lombardy in 1859, and Venetia in 1866; and now the Kingdom of Italy is a Power of equal rank with Austria, maintaining, and occasionally pressing, its claim to the small residue of Italia Irredenta which Austria still possesses.

Next, in 1867, came the turn of the Hungarians. They had been bloodily repressed when they rose in rebellion in 1849; but now—after Sadowa—the instinct of self-preservation required Austria to make friends with them. Francis Joseph sent for Francis Deák, and asked him what Hungary wanted; and the answer was that Hungary wanted "her rights." "Very well, Deák," replied the Emperor, after reflection, "I suppose it must be as you insist"; and then he and the Hungarian leaders negotiated the terms of the Ausgleich, whereby Hungary was taken into partnership with Austria and empowered, broadly speaking, to Magyarize one half of the Empire, while the Austrians were Germanizing the other half.

It was a concession of great importance, and it saved the situation for the moment. The Hungarians—always excepting a few extremists who could neither forget nor forgive the cruelties of the repression of 1849—were willing enough to go into partnership with the Austrians, because there was not, except in such a partnership, any satisfactory future for their race. Between Austria and Russia, they were between the devil and the deep sea; and they got better terms from Austria than they could have obtained elsewhere. The partnership, therefore, still persists, not exactly as a union of hearts, but as an alliance which it does not suit the purposes of either ally to dissolve. At the same time, however, it only solved a portion of the racial problem of the Empire; and the por-

tion of the problem which it left unsolved was quickly formulated by the Slav historian Palacky:

"If it is decided," Palacky wrote, "to reverse the natural policy of Austria; if this Empire, composed of a medley of different nationalties, refuses to accord equal rights to all, and organizes the supremacy of certain races over the others; if the Slavs are to be treated as an inferior people, and handed over to two dominant peoples as mere material to be governed by them; then Nature will assert herself and resume her rights. An inflexible resistance will transform hope into despair, and a peaceful into a warlike spirit; and there will be a series of conflicts and struggles of which it will be impossible to foresee the end. We Slavs existed before Austria; and we shall continue to exist after Austria has disappeared."

The immediate occasion of that outburst was the Emperor's refusal to accede to the demand that he should constitute a separate Kingdom of Bohemia: a request which the Magyars would not have allowed him to grant if he had desired to do so. As a menace it amounted to nothing; for the Bohemians had not, like the Italians, any *Point d'appui* outside their borders, and were not, like the Hungarians in 1849, strong enough to challenge the central authority. As a prediction, however, it indicated the essential weakness of the Austrian Empire—now become the Dual Monarchy—and the growing forces which were thenceforward to threaten to tear it to pieces. The potency of these forces, the play of which will determine the future of Austria-Hungary, depends upon three facts which we may tabulate:

1. The German and Magyar characters.

2. The Slav character.

3. The relations subsisting between the Austrian Slavs and the independent Slav kingdoms.

One may permit oneself to speak of the German character the more frankly because there is much to be admired in it. The Germans are at least as efficient as they are unsympathetic. At the same time, it is no exaggeration to say that their unpopularity accounts for much of the prevalent European unrest. All over central Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, we find Germans ruling over miscellaneous peoples—"mere material," from their point of view, "to be governed by them"—who cordially dislike them; and this condition of things has now existed long enough to demonstrate their constitutional incapacity for making the undeniable material benefits of their rule acceptable to their subjects.

The merits of the German, whether of the North or of the South, are mainly of a military and bureaucratic order. He can subdue, and he can organize; but he can neither conciliate his alien subjects nor absorb them. Regarding himself as a heaven-sent governor of men, he can, in fact, only govern in a state of siege. That is how he differs from his rival, the Frenchman; and the modern history of Europe bristles with illustrations of the difference. The territory which the French have taken over from their neighbors—Roussillon, Nice, Savoy—has become contentedly and loyally French; one never hears of "incidents" in these provinces. On the other hand, the history of German rule in alien territory is an almost unbroken series of incidents; the world never has time to forget one incident before another occurs.

The Zabern riots; the refusal to allow the explorer Amundsen to lecture in the Danish language in Schleswig-Holstein; the attempt to expropriate the Polish land-owners in Posnania—these are a few typical instances of the constant friction in the North. Austrian history abounds with exam-

ples of similar friction in the South. The constant free fights in the various Austrian Parliaments; the suspension of constitutional guarantees in Croatia because the Croats were showing an inconvenient sympathy with Servian ambitions; the dismissal of the Italian employees of the Trieste municipality:—these are the most recent facts which it is possible to put in evidence. But the most eloquent fact of all is to be found in the state of the poll when a *plébiscite* was taken in Venetia to ascertain "the wishes of the population" with regard to the proposal that the province should be severed from Austria. The figures then were:—

For severance	640,000
Against	40
Majority for	639,960

Teuton domination, that is to say, even when beneficial, is always regarded as odious; and Magyar domination is no more favorably viewed. Magyars and Austrians agree in esteeming themselves the natural superiors of the other miscellaneous races which compose the Dual Monarchy; and those miscellaneous races find common ground in disputing that doctrine with passionate vehemence. Thus the sore, as has been said, is kept open, and the situation is provided with a permanent emotional factor—a centrifugal force of which the political prophet must never lose sight, even though he feels that the centripetal tendencies are, at the given moment, strong enough to counteract it. A common devotion to the Emperor Francis Joseph as an amiable and unhappy old man who has endured more than his share of human sorrow may or may not be the principal unifying element in the problem; his death is bound, in the course of nature, to settle that point before very long. Meanwhile we must note that most, though not all, of the races which represent German and Magyar hegemony are Slav races, and must consider how the peculiarities of the Slav character affect the problem.

In many respects the Slavs are obviously the inferiors of the Germans and the Magyars. They are less civilized, less efficient, and less masterful; they have not yet acquired the German talent for organized administration. But, on the other hand, however they may compare with the Magyars, they are more prolific than the Germans, and, at the same time, far more tenacious of their language, their traditions, and their general racial characteristics. The German, strongly marked as his characteristics appear to be in Germany, is a man who adapts himself to a new environment in the twinkling of an eye. In England he becomes English; in America he becomes American; in Alsace he used, in the old days, to become French; while it is a subject of national lamentation that at the present time he is apt, in Prussian Poland, to become a Pole. The Slav, on the contrary, in spite of all endeavors to force a foreign culture upon him, remains a Slav as pertinaciously as the Jew remains a Jew. *La Russie ne bouge pas, elle se recueille*, is a famous saying which expresses this trait, though not specifically intended to express it. The same characteristic is expressed still more faithfully in the saying, hardly less famous: "Imprison a Slav idea in the deepest dungeon of a fortress, and it will blow up the fortress in order to get out."

The history of central Europe during the last hundred years has been largely the history of the escape of Slav ideas from durance. They have escaped from it, clamoring loudly for more elbow-room, in Prussian Poland, now apparently becoming Polish Prussia; in Bohemia, where the recrudescence of the Czech language and

culture has been one of the most remarkable facts of our time; in Galicia, in Croatia, and various Hungarian Banats, and, most conspicuously and sensationally, in the Danubian Principalities so long ruled by the Ottoman Turks. North of the Danube, the Slavs have compelled Francis Joseph to reverse his original policy of "uniting all the countries and tribes of the monarchy into one integral State," and to bribe them, as in Croatia, by instalments of Home Rule. South of the Danube, they have surprised politicians and checked their designs, by gradually creating an entirely new political situation.

Not merely at the time of Waterloo, but even at the time of the Crimean War, and still later, it was assumed that the fate of the Balkan territories could be settled over the heads of the inhabitants. The Turk was the Sick Man, and his lands were an inheritance for his survivors, the strong men, to divide. They would devour the peninsula, like an artichoke, leaf by leaf—Austria beginning at one end of the artichoke and Russia at the other, while the other Powers snatched such stray leaves as they could for themselves, here and there. There was a certain danger—a very grave danger, indeed—that they might quarrel over the spoils, and so bring about Armageddon; but no other hindrance to their progress was anticipated. It was not the Balkan populations who would prevent Russia from going to Constantinople or Austria from going to Salonica; their part in the great drama to come would be that of subordinates, not of principals.

So statesmen were arguing, not only at the time of the Crimean War, when the metaphor of the Sick Man was first employed, but even at the time of the Russo-Turkish War, when the next step was taken for the partition of his estates, and Austria occupied Bosnia as the reward of her neutrality. The same talk continued—the same idea was being followed up—when Bosnia was formally annexed. The talk, indeed, has not yet ceased—the ambitions which it expresses are not yet abandoned; and all the Powers involved in the scramble may still be heard demanding spheres of influence and commercial rights, and discussing the compensations which must be accorded to them if they are to acquiesce in each other's aggrandizement. But the conditions of the scramble are no longer what they were; and the statesmen who, in 1878, imagined that they were taking long views, reckoned without the tenacity of the minor nationalities in general, and of the minor Slav nationalities in particular.

There is no need to review the transformation in detail; it is recent history which we have all read in the papers from day to day. The first disconcerting discovery was that Bulgaria, inspired by Stambouloff, did not propose to be merely a Russian outpost on the Constantinople road; that though Russia was admittedly Bulgaria's big brother, the little brother preferred to stand alone. Servia, again, showed a resentment at the Austrian seizure of Bosnia which made it clear that, though Austrian help against Bulgarian invaders was welcome, she had no intention of being the submissive instrument of Austrian policy, or of permitting anything in the way of peaceful penetration. Then, finally, came the troubling revelation that the Balkan peoples, in spite of their long-standing feuds, were capable of concerted action. The Balkan war was made, in spite of the warnings of the Powers; and the *status quo* was disturbed, in spite of the solemn declaration of the Powers—not all of which were in earnest—that they intended it to be respected.

These are great changes with a

dynamic, as well as a static, value. They give us, that is to say, not merely a new map, but also a new parallelogram of forces, which is bound to produce a new resultant; and the problem of the political prophet is to find that resultant by weighing those forces, remembering:

1. That the Balkan League, in spite of the dissensions which have, for the time being, dissolved it, remains a potential force to which certain menaces might, at any time, restore its actuality and indeed seem likely to restore it fairly soon.

2. That the Balkan peoples who are free, and rejoicing in their freedom, have kinsmen who remain in reluctant servitude to the older Powers, and cherish a lively recollection of a time when they and their nationals constituted a great imperial race.

To a certain extent the problem created by these forces affects all the Powers; but it is Austria's problem in a peculiar degree. In the case of other Powers it only affects foreign interests, whereas in the case of Austria it affects domestic interests. The great difference between Austria and Russia in the connection is this: that Russia is really a Slav Power, whereas Austria is only a Power with a large number of Slav subjects—to say nothing of Roumanian subjects to whom Austrian (or Hungarian) rule is equally objectionable. And this difference carries consequences. There is no Bulgaria Irredenta on Russian soil: Bulgarian obstinacy may obstruct the expansion of Russia, but there could be no movement of Bulgarian origin designed to precipitate the "break-up" of Russia. In Austria, on the contrary, the unexpected obstruction offered to Austrian expansion is neither the only trouble nor the greatest danger: for her the great problem lies in the future relations between her unredeemed Slavs and their would-be redeemers. For the Slavs of Austria, as must always be remembered, outnumber both the Teutons and the Magyars.

Not all of them count; for some of them are fairly contented, and others are so situated that they can do little harm. The Poles of Galicia are very well as they are, being better treated than any Poles elsewhere, and having no desire to fall into the hands of the Russians, whose little fingers are notoriously thicker than the Austrians' loins. The Czechs, owing to their geographical situation—a Slav *enclave* in the midst of Germans—can hardly be dangerous, in spite of their uproarious and menacing demeanor. For the present, at all events, their newly-awakened racial self-consciousness can only express itself in noise, the slinging of ink-pots, and an attempt to boycott the German language. But the case of the Slavs of the South is very different. They are of Servian race, and constitute a compact and increasing body, dissatisfied with their position, placed in close proximity to the independent kingdom of Servia—which kingdom is perpetually at loggerheads with the Dual Monarchy, and cherishes ideals of expansion at the expense of that Monarchy. There exists, that is to say, a question of Servia Irredenta, analogous, in almost every respect, to the old question of Italia Irredenta; and it is a live issue of constantly increasing vitality.

The analogy, though not quite complete—for historical analogies are never quite complete—is nevertheless so close that the observer can distribute the parts almost as if he were casting a great historical drama. The analogues of Lombardy and Venetia are, of course, Croatia, Istria, Dalmatia, and various other Austro-Hungarian provinces. The rôle of the King of Sardinia, dreaming of the glories of imperial Rome and aspiring to be King of a United Italy, can be

assigned to the King of Servia, dreaming of the glories of the Empire of Stephen Dushan, and aspiring to be King of a United Servia. There remains the important rôle of *tertius gaudens* or "honest broker," filled in 1859 by the Emperor of the French; and for that part there may be competitors.

Mazzini, foreseeing the drama, assigned the part to Italy. Austria, in his view, was "not a nation but only a system of government"; its union was only artificial, and rested upon no basis of sentiment; national sentiment was bound, in the long run, to prove stronger than any system of government. The Balkan peoples, that is to say, were sure, in the long run, to assert themselves and free themselves; and Italian sympathy ought to go out to them, just as French sympathy had gone out to the Italians. Italy might gain something for herself in the process, just as France had gained something for herself through the liberation of Italy. In any case, the Balkan peoples were naturally the friends, and Austria—still holding Trentino and South Tyrol—was naturally the enemy of Italy.

The course of events has only partially fulfilled that prediction. The Balkan Federation has come; but the attitude of Italy towards it has not been quite that which Mazzini prognosticated. Italy, on the contrary, liberated from servitude, has developed imperial ambitions of her own, and is engaged, at the hour of writing, in creating a question of Græcia Irredenta in Epirus and the South Ægean, acting in diplomatic conjunction with Austria, whom, nevertheless, she does not love. If that policy continues, the Balkan peoples must look elsewhere for their influential friend; and all the indications point to the Tsar of Russia as the most probable analogue of Napoleon III. The desire to avenge the snub administered to him at the time of the annexation of Bosnia might furnish him with a motive if he needed one; and he might look for his reward, not merely in the increase of Slav, as opposed to Teuton, influence in Europe, but also in those Austrian Slav territories which adjoin his Empire, and contain a certain number of Little Russians of Orthodox creed.

These, at any rate, are the principal factors and forces with which political prediction has to reckon. The next thing to be done, if we want to judge what is likely to come of these forces, is to form some estimate of the numbers and sentiments of the inhabitants of that Servia Irredenta which is such a thorn in the side of the Austrian Administration. We will take the figures published shortly before the recent wars by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich in his chapter on "Servian Lands under Foreign Domination":

SERB POPULATION ESTIMATED FOR DECEMBER 1909.
(*on basis of yearly percentage of increase*).

A. INDEPENDENT SERVIAN LANDS.	
Kingdom of Servia . . .	2,923,000
Principality of Montenegro	280,000
B. SERVIAN LANDS UNDER FOREIGN DOMINATION.	
Bosnia-Herzgovina (under Austria-Hungary) . . .	1,713,000
Dalmatia (under Austria)	667,000
Istria (under Austria) . .	133,000
Croatia-Slavonia (under Hungary)	2,334,000
Banat and Batchka (under Hungary)	872,000
Old Servia (under Turkey)	1,376,000
Total for the Serb race	10,298,000

Old Servia, of course, has been emancipated since these statistics were compiled, and the proportion between free and subject Servians has consequently been modified. There remain, however, roughly speaking, about

5,700,000 Servians living under the rule of Austria and Hungary. It would be a formidable number for the Empire to control, even if they constituted the only alien element in a population in other respects homogeneous, and had no enthusiastic sympathizers across the frontier. But the Austro-Hungarian Empire is not homogeneous—it is a fortuitous concourse of racial atoms; and the subject Servians have, as we have seen, their *point d'appui* south of the Danube. Hence the importance of considering how the Servians, whether within or without the Empire, regard the Austrians, and how the free and subject Servians regard each other.

That the Servians detest the Austrians is one of those crude and obvious facts which it is superflous to prove. Whatever doubts may have been entertained on the subject in the past, none have been possible since the turmoil caused by the annexation of Bosnia in 1908. At that date, and subsequently, we have seen the Servians of Servia eager to make war upon Austria without the remotest prospect of victory, and the Servians of Croatia organizing such demonstrations that constitutional guarantees were suspended and a state of seige was declared among them. In that respect, at all events, the two branches of the race are at one; and the only question is whether their common racial and political aspirations are not counterbalanced by their religious divisions.

How that may be no one knows for certain; and different people who are by way of knowing maintain diametrically opposite opinions with approximately equal emphasis. Those differences themselves—relating mainly to the doctrine of the double procession of the Holy Ghost—seem grave or trivial according to the point of view from which they are examined; and the question for us is, not what is the right point of view, but what is likely to be the point of view of the particular theologians concerned. The tendency of the times, throughout the world, certainly is for racial self-consciousness to increase, and for dogmatic fanaticism to diminish in intensity. As a rule, indeed, one finds that theological prejudice is a real force only when it is allied with racial antipathies or material interests as it now is in Ulster; and one infers that the time is coming, if it has not yet come, when, if the two motives clash, the former will infallibly prevail.

Its tendency to predominate is, indeed, in these Slav countries a comparatively new fact, noticeable perhaps only during the last decade; but a long series of proofs establishing the fact are marshalled in Mr. Steed's examination of the foreign policy of the Hapsburg monarchy. Perhaps the most typical indication is furnished by the contrast between the receptions accorded, in the course of the same day, at Ragusa, to Prince Danilo of Montenegro and to the late Archduke Ferdinand: the former acclaimed with uproarious enthusiasm, and the latter met with stony silence. But, of course, there is also much evidence of a more substantial character: notably the Austrian apprehension of Pan-Servian intrigue which led to the notorious Agram trials; the Austrian talk of a "punitive expedition" against Servia; and finally the brutal murder of the Archduke and his wife in Sarajevo. Through these incidents and tragedies one clearly perceives a passionate racial movement, whose chief *raison d'être* is to carve a Greater Servia out of the Hapsburg dominions.

If the situation were simple, and only Austria and Servia were concerned with it, Austria might anticipate the danger and dispose of it before it became formidable; but the

situation is not simple, and Austria cannot take that course without touching the interests of other countries, and so, in all probability, precipitating the dreaded universal war. Austria, that is to say, can only play a waiting game; and this is one of the cases in which the waiting game is almost bound to be a losing game. Time is on the side of Servia for several reasons: because Slav strength increases faster than the power of the Austrian State, and because time will bring a prospect of the healing of the wounds caused by the recent Balkan quarrels.

Those who predict that the Balkan dissensions will be permanent because they have been bitter must have forgotten the object lessons of history. Hübner said very much the same about the Italians in 1848; but the event has proved him a false prophet. Switzerland, which is now one of the most united countries in Europe, had its last civil war as recently as 1847. Even in German Europe the question of hegemony had to be settled on the battle-field less than half a century ago; but a keen perception of common German interests has ended by bringing all the Germans together. One can see no reason why the same thing should not happen in the Balkan world, and one can see a good many reasons why it should. The Balkan peoples are sure, in the end, to see—what the spectator of the game can see already—that only by sinking, or adjusting, their differences can they acquire the right to live their own national lives, and develop on their own lines. Some Bulgarian diplomatists have admitted that they already see it.

Austria, no doubt, with Germany to help her, will do, and is already doing, her best to foment and perpetuate the dissensions, and to create new sources of influence hostile to the Balkan block. The encouragement shown to Bulgaria; the refusal to allow Servia a port on the Adriatic, or to permit Montenegro to annex Scutari—the centre of Austrian influence in Albania; the establishment of the German military mission in Constantinople: all these things are demonstrations of the trend of Austrian policy. Their significance, from the point of view of the German world, was recently set forth in a striking article written by the Vienna correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung:*

"The countries comprising the Triple Alliance," writes the correspondent, "which were formerly agricultural countries, are now becoming manufacturing countries. The question of the unimpeded importation of food and raw material is one of extreme importance for them. A war against England, France, and Russia would result in the interruption of all the sea routes. The one route remaining for the Alliance is that which leads through Roumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey to Asia Minor. The Triple Alliance must be assured that that route will always be open to it. That is the explanation of the energetic and menacing attitude of German diplomacy towards the first rumors of a partition of Asia Minor. The interest which the Empire has in keeping the road to Asia Minor open was set above that of the German capital invested in the Baghdad railway; and the German military mission to Constantinople is an advantage as precious to Germany as to Turkey. This aspect of the matter explains why Austria and Germany resolutely opposed the internationalization of the Adrianople-Constantinople section of the Orient line. For all the countries interposed between Hungary and Asia Minor, one rule must be rigorously laid down: either they must be the friends and allies of the Triple Alliance, or they must reckon upon the implacable hostility of that Alliance."

That is a characteristically German offer of friendship. "Be my brother or I will smash you" is the obvious

paraphrase. It is the kind of offer which is never exactly acceptable, though it is sometimes accepted when addressed to the weak who have no friends. But the Balkan States are not so weak as all that, unless they allow themselves to be taken in detail; and they have friends—or, at all events, backers—who might want to know the reason why, if the threatened "implacable hostility" were to be manifested by any deliberate act of aggression. So that the situation must, almost of necessity, be allowed to develop without violent interruption; and the lines on which it has latterly tended to develop have been emphatically unfavorable to Austro-Hungarian predominance.

A little while ago it was assumed that Austria had Roumania in her pocket as the pledged supporter of the Triple Alliance, that the annexation of Bosnia was an irrevocable step on the road to Salonica, and that Servia was Austria's *protégée*, to be backed against Russia's *protégée*, Bulgaria, and to become, in the fulness of time, if not an Austrian province, at least an Austrian sphere of influence. From whatever source effective opposition to the programme might come, it was not expected to come from the Christian populations of the Balkan States. But the probabilities have changed, and are still changing, under our eyes. Roumania has made it clear that hegemony in the Balkans would please her better than dependence, however privileged, upon Austria. A secret treaty has been published, binding Bulgaria, in certain contingencies, to join Servia in taking the field against Austria; while Servia not only lives in a state of perpetually strained relations with Austria, who is always bullying her, but openly avows the ambition of rolling back the tide of Austro-Hungarian aggrandizement, just as Austria and Hungary in the past—helped by the Slav John Sobieski—rolled back the tide of Moslem conquest.

We may quote the expression of the Servian ideal set forth in the concluding paragraphs of Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich's book. Racial self-consciousness, he insists, "forced into latency during the Turkish domination," is now "a living power among all Servian peoples"; and he concludes:

"The sentiment for union and the determination to bring all Servian regions into a great State organism that shall be national in its expression, in its genius, and in its aims, embodying the will and the ideals of the race, are common to-day to all Serbs.

"It is the belief of the Servians that neither the Hapsburgs (Austria-Hungary) nor other European Powers will be able in the long run to prevent Servian unification.

"Too bold is the man who presumes to forecast the course of future events, but Destiny ever endows her children with opportunity, and the Serbs believe that, matching an alert will with opportunity, the inhabitants of the various regions of the Serb block of territory will, in course of time, as by the action of natural forces, come together into one great State, and the work of Nemanya, the work of Dushan, the work of Lazar, the work of Kara-George and Milosh Obrenovich, of the modern Kingdom and of the Principality, and the dreams of all Serbs still under foreign rule, will culminate in the realization of the concept dear to them these many centuries —a great and united Servia."

That is to say that the gradual, but unceasing, recrudescence of racial self-consciousness among the southern Slavs (the majority of whom are Servians) has made them pieces instead of pawns on the European chessboard, and, in doing so, has transformed a dream into a programme. The same result is, at the same time, obviously following from a similar process at work in the minds of

Roumanians and Greeks, and the study of the transformation helps us to foresee and define the antagonisms which will divide Europe in the years immediately in front of us.

There may be danger in the conflicting ambitions of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente; but that is a danger which diplomacy should be able to avert. The rivalries do not rest upon racial antipathies; the points of difference can be, and normally are, discussed in a spirit of give-and-take, and with a sincere desire to come to terms, animated by a wise reluctance to take risks. The really irreconcilable antagonism is that between the Teuton races (with whom are the Magyars) and the Slav races (with whom are likely to be found the Roumanians and the Greeks). It is irreconcilable because Teutons and Magyars conceive it to be their mission to govern, and have long been accustomed to govern, Slavs; whereas the Slavs, on their part, are tired of being governed by Teutons and Magyars, have remained for centuries irresponsive to all attempts to assimilate them, and are daily gaining fresh faith in their separate destiny. Collision is as inevitable as when express trains move in opposite directions along the same line of rails; and Servia seems to be the predestined point of contact, because it is there that racial self-consciousness and racial aspirations have attained the most advanced development.

Many Austrian statesmen, strongly supported, it is believed, by the murdered Archduke, have for some time past been in favor of substituting Trialism for the present Dualism of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The idea is—or was—that on the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph a separate Slav kingdom should be organized, equal in privileges and dignity to the Kingdom of Hungary. By thus making the Austrian Slavs loyal and contented, Austria would deprive the Servia Irredenta question of its actuality. The Hungarian question was solved in that way by the Ausgleich of 1867. Why should not a second, and similar, Ausgleich appease the discontent of the Servian subjects of what would then be the Triple Monarchy?

It might do so if the circumstances, both material and sentimental, were precisely analogous; but they are not. Some of the differences are pointed out by Mr. Steed; and there are others. It will be worth while to enumerate them:

1. The Magyars were in 1867, as they are now, a compact people, living within the boundaries of the Empire. They had no compatriots with whom they could aspire to be united. Deliverance from Austria would have left them at the mercy of Russia. Equality of treatment within the Empire was the best that they could hope for; and they agreed to the compromise, not because they loved the Austrians, but because there was no other way of preserving their national existence. The unredeemed Servians, on the contrary, have before their eyes the alternative of union with free Servia.

2. The Magyars were not so numerous that their emancipation threatened to give them a controlling influence in the affairs of the Empire. The Slavs, on the contrary, are so numerous that their emancipation would shift the centre of gravity in Austria and make them the masters of those whose subjects they have hitherto been.

3. There was no division of Magyar sympathies, because there was only one homogeneous group of Magyar peoples. There are, on the contrary, several groups of Slavs—Czechs and Poles as well as Servians; and union with Czechs and Poles, though not perhaps in the abstract unacceptable to the Servians, is not the ideal which they

cherish, and could hardly be expected to divert them from the dream of union with their brethren south of the Danube.

4. There was no race within the Empire capable, in 1867, of raising any effective objection to the emancipation of the Magyars; but the Magyars themselves, proud of their predominance, and masterful in upholding it, have the strongest possible objection to any proposal for treating the Slavs as their equals.

The last difficulty is one on which Mr. Steed lays most stress. This is how he sums the matter up:

"During the first years of the Dual System, when the affairs of Hungary were guided by men of superior political talent, there appeared some reason to believe that the Magyars, acting as *primi inter pares*, would group round them the southern Slav peoples, and acquire, with their support, the leadership in the monarchy. This solution now seems to be past hoping for. From the standpoint of the internal cohesion of the monarchy, the Magyar State has acted as a repellent force, powerless for good, powerful for evil; and, pending proof to the contrary, students of Hapsburg affairs are constrained to regard the Magyars rather as a liability than as an asset of the crown."

He adds that the present generation of Magyars seem to be "so steeped in chauvinism as to have lost all sense of their real position in Europe"; and one feels it difficult to believe that, even if, as Mr. Steed thinks might possibly happen, the instinct of self-preservation prompted them to change their tone at the eleventh hour, the southern Slavs would be very favorably inclined towards their overtures. Austria, in that case, they would feel, would only be offering them a compromise as a substitute for an ideal; and it is one of the characteristics of the tenacious Slav that he prefers ideals to compromises,—especially when the compromise is not proposed until after all attempts to crush the ideal have failed.

The idea of Trialism, therefore, strikes one as a counsel of despair rather than as the inspiration of a statesman of genius; and one is left with the firm conviction that this question of Servia Irredenta—coupled, in all likelihood, with the sister question of Roumania Irredenta—is the question destined to bring to a head the many points at issue between German Europe and those younger nationalities which resent the dictatorial and domineering ways of Germans. When it will come and how—who will be involved in it, and with what result: these are matters about which it would be rash to prophesy. The disruption of Austria which has so long been predicted may, or may not, arise out of it. Russia, Germany, and Italy may, or may not, find the opportunity of gathering up those fragments in which they are severally interested. But students of politics who attach more importance to the play of forces than to the provisional expedients of diplomacy are satisfied that this is a quarrel which has to be fought out, and that Austria will no more be able to prevent in the future the formation of a United Servia than she was in the past to prevent the formation of a United Italy, and a United Germany from which she was excluded.

The rumor of King Peter's abdication, circulated in the middle of June last, suggests the possibility of internal dissensions which might operate as a set-back. It is not quite certain that Prince Alexander's succession would in that case be undisputed. His elder brother, Prince George, whose violence and eccentricities brought about his resignation, under pressure, of his rights as Crown Prince, is believed still to have the support of a powerful military party in the country; and he may

be tempted to fight for the recovery of his lost inheritance. Should he do so, we may see a divided Servia, before we see a Greater Servia. But this report of King Peter's retirement was contradicted almost as soon as it was affirmed; and it is improbable that it will be allowed to take effect unless his heir is felt to be master of the situation.

The Edinburgh Review. *Francis Gribble.*

THE WORLD OF THE BLIND.

War has long been accepted as our best aid to the teaching of geography: blood is an expensive marking fluid for maps, but it is vivid and indelible. Through its virtue alone have the Egypts, the Tibets, and the Koreas been opened to general vision. And it would seem as if a similar passage through calamity to knowledge will fall to be recorded in regard to that most secret province of all, the World of the Blind. Mr. Pearson, a great master of journals, is stricken with this ancient affliction. Immediately his vast power is thrown behind the organization which has so long been laboring towards a true undertanding of it. The public attention is fixed. We resolve to be no longer blind to blindness, but set about what is at once a study and a campaign. Mr. Pearson has transformed his personal misfortune into a source of light and promise.

In such circumstances any elucidation of the psychological process that goes on behind closed eyes is valuable, but a report proceeding from the centre of that obscure world possesses a very special value. If the author of that account from within be, as well, a trained observer, a writer already distinguished, and a man of genuine scientific balance, his book ceases to be a document that may or may not be read. It imposes itself. All these conditions are amply fulfilled in *Le Monde des Aveugles*[1] of M. Pierre Villey. Self-analysis by the blind is no new phenomenon; no one is likely to forget, for instance, the almost ecstatic quality of the writings of Helen Keller, or the provocative interest of her revelations. But with M. Villey we enter another order of literature. Trained on Braille, and using it as his material apparatus of communication, he has on the one hand become master of a deep general culture, and on the other he has produced a calm, exact, reasoned, and in all points convincing examination of the mental processes of his fellow-blind. His book is a veritable Baedeker of the veiled country in which they dwell. It is a notable step from myth and legend to reality.

For indeed there is no strangeness of human experience about which the mythopoeic faculty has more eagerly woven its webs. This exile from the sun is so dramatic, so absolute in its blackness, as to incite any imagination. That incitement is doubled when it is discovered that a calamity which seems the end of everything does not end everything, but that the blind manage to move about, to live, and even to be useful in a world of the seeing. In primitive civilizations this miracle is ascribed to special commerce with the gods. The man from whom the visible has been withdrawn is recognized as the seer of the invisible and the diviner of the future. Such are in the Greek story Tiresias and even Homer himself. In Korea to-day the blind are respected as exorcists, magicians, and healers. In Turkey they are valued as reciters of the Koran on ceremonial occasions, and

[1] Flammarion, Paris, 1914.

their prayers are beyond all others acceptable to Allah. In Russia the proverb runs that "God himself is the teacher of the blind, and His works are made manifest in them." In modern communities the legend assumes a different form. Artistically it is employed as a unique symbol by the pessimists. Synge, for example, finds it a fit vessel in which to dip out that Marah-water which he finds in his Well of the Saints. In popular science, or rather the unexamined hearsay that passes for science, it appears as an exaggeration of those faculties which are not impaired by the loss of sight. The blind distinguish colors by touch independently of texture. They play cards with great success, especially when they themselves are the dealers, for they feel accurately the whole hands of their opponents. They carve statues, are king's tailors, and duke's coachmen. They know by the trot of a horse that he is blind, and distinguish one pigeon from another by the mere sound of its wings. In music especially they are supreme. Every blind person is a potential, if not an actual, fiddler; a marvellous talent is at all events native in them and universal. M. Villey, who refers us for these traditionary anecdotes to writers so little tainted with "credulity," as Bayle, Diderot, and Garnier, and to a *Biography of the Blind* by James Wilson, does not attempt to sift them in detail; he sets the whole mass aside as belonging to the sphere of *légendes abracadabrantes*. He proceeds upon the sounder basis of laboratory exploration and scientifically examined records of actual experience. Brushing aside all legends, he is concerned to establish two positions, first, that the blind person is not necessarily in respect of any sense or faculty a genius of any kind, and second, that he is just as little of necessity an idiot of any kind. To M. Villey the most difficult task before his blind is that of merely living, of earning the bread of independence: the more their mentality is misunderstood, whether by way of exaggeration or the reverse, the more difficult does that task become. Almost with passion he repudiates as *a priori* absurd the notion that four senses are better than five. Any special refinement, say of touch or hearing, that may manifest itself is due solely to a narrower localization of attention. Sight being the sense of distractions, and essentially vagrant and diffuse, the closing-up of it may predispose to a more concentrated inner life, but in general the only principle involved is that of intensive culture of a faculty. And, however exceptionally endowed a blind subject may be, he must always be a sense short. With equal passion, however, M. Villey begs us not to argue from this to a mutilated personality. In the ordinary case the normal mind, and the whole mind, is there behind the diminished apparatus of perception. The world of space can be adequately realized through tactile impressions. If necessarily somewhat limited as regards freedom of movement, the healthy blind can nevertheless be delivered, by appropriate education, from complete helplessness even in that regard. They can be trained up to be economically independent, and not mere pitiable parasites. No intellectual or moral idea is inaccessible to them. Given the material apparatus of instruction, in the shape mainly of a sufficient equipment of Braille finger-language books, they can build a line of communication to any section of general culture. It is to be understood that this claim is made only where blindness is the sole disability. Where graver lesion of the organism, and especially of the brain, are involved, we are commonly in presence of a phenomenon of mental as well as

of physical defectiveness, and due allowance must be made.

The psychology of the blind raises three central points of controversy: the acuteness of the senses taken singly, the substitution of the missing sense of vision by one or more of the others, and the adequacy of the four-sense apparatus to the interpretation of reality as given. The first is a measurable problem of psycho-physics. The evidence of the laboratory is alone conclusive, or it would be but for a weakness on which M. Villey lays a shrewd finger. "Our instruments think: they share our prejudices." The æsthesiometer, to cite the simplest, yields different results according to the sharpness of its points and the substance of which the compass legs are made. A more serious element of error is introduced by the character of the subjects available for examination. There is blindness and blindness. In some instances the vision, and only the vision, is affected. In others the brain, the spinal cord, and the whole nervous system are disturbed and debilitated by some grave organic lesion. To classify all these together under the common rubric of "the blind" is plainly to invite wide-ranging discrepancies. Since that is precisely what has been done, it is not surprising to find two opinions in the field. On the one side, Griesbach and Kunz claim to have shown by a series of many thousand experiments that the sensibility of the blind is in no respect superior and is in very many respects inferior to that of the seeing. They established no difference as regards hearing or smell. To tactile impressions they judge the blind to be less acutely responsive. Strangely enough, they found the hand, and, of the hand, the index or reading finger, to be eminently the area of inferiority. On the other side the superiority of the blind, having long been accepted as an axiom, has not failed to secure laboratory confirmation by Czemak, Goltz, Gastner, Hocheisen, and Stern. Laura Bridgman, possessing only the single sense of touch, would seem bound *a priori* to excel in tactile sensibility: actual measurement showed it to be two or three times the normal. But strangely enough, Helen Keller, examined in a more coldly scientific spirit, exhibited no notable superiority. M. Villey, grasping the controversy, as it were, from within as well as from without, is convinced that, other organic conditions being equal, no relation of superiority and inferiority can be scientifically established. Blindness does not induce either a general stupor or a general exaltation of the other senses.

The *nisi intellectus ipse* by the addition of which Leibnitz corrected Locke's *Nihil est in intellectu quod non ante fuerit in sensu* is to M. Villey the key to the whole business. Not in the perceiving sense but in the interpreting mind does the true centre of difference reside. The only "miracle" with which we are confronted is that of specialized attention and memory. These are the most familiar activities of conscious life, and are the matter of a hundred text-book instances. An officer will detect at the first glance at a line of soldiers an irregularity of uniform or equipment which would escape an hour's conscientious scrutiny by a layman. To a European newly landed in the East all Chinamen seem the same; in two or three days he has already begun to distinguish individuals. In each case it is not the eye but the mind that sees more. The datum of sense is received into a richer associational mass and more swiftly construed. The stream of consciousness, impinging on a narrower area, strikes that area with more urgent force. Blindness, then, as a condition of mental life, is for all the world like the closing of a lock-gate.

There is no intensification of the individual senses, but there is an enhanced rapidity of interpretation. The vicariate of the senses, as M. Villey styles it, presents itself to him under an image which is very clear and suggestive:

"We must not see in it, as is too often supposed, a sort of estate which, on the death of one brother, is divided among his four surviving brothers. Rather do I see it as a workshop, suddenly deserted by one of its artisans, the most active and intelligent of all, one of those aristocrats of labor who by sheer weight of superior ability reduce the initiative of their fellows almost to zero and lay hold of the effective direction of affairs. Confronted with the enormous increase of their burdens the survivors may doubtless give way to despair, and reduce concurrently their own efforts and rewards and the total volume of production. But, on the other hand, if they are men of courage, they may redouble their efforts, and, profiting by the imperious need of their employer, greatly improve their material situation. Were their comrade, instead of leaving, simply to turn over to them part of his task, an identical result might be reached" (p. 70).

The exploitation of the senses proceeds under a sort of Ricardian law of rent. The most profitable, that of vision, naturally comes first into use, and always yields the maximum return. But, under the pressure of circumstances, the margin of cultivation widens, and even the poorest outlying province of perception is made to support life. The normal man, lord of five senses, is free to squander a great part of his less valuable resources. Strip his heritage to four as with M. Villey, to two as with Helen Keller, to one as with Laura Bridgman, and you find the reply of life and genius in what may be called, if you choose, a deepening "miracle" of concentration. Where a blind person does possess a congenital acuteness in any mode of perception, that mode is, of course, likely to play a rôle of proportional importance. *Le Monde des Aveugles* abounds in verified modern examples. For Marie Heurtin, as for Helen Keller, every person of her acquaintance has a special odor as recognizable as the perfume of a flower. She never makes a mistake. Sent to the sewing-room with a message to one of her companions, she stands there on her arrival slowly turning her head and sniffing the air, until she locates her goal. M. Yves Guégan, who is completely deaf, knows that the post has come by the smell of the postman's letter-bag which he detects on the floor next below him. In a series of experiments he was able to determine his precise position in a room, but lost this power as soon as his nostrils were closed with small rubber-faced pincers. A severe cold in the head had the same disabling influence as the pincers. This subtle mastery of odor, combined with the guidance afforded by muscular memory, enables him to find his way almost freely about the town of Brest where he resides. In the sphere of touch M. Villey's explanation dissolves into simplicity the "marvels" which so strongly impress certain seeing observers. Fluent reading from Braille, involving as it does the perception through the index finger of more than two thousand raised dots per minute, is on analysis no more amazing than, say, piano-playing by the normal person. The printing of the matter read involves the two thousand dots, but they have not been cognized in detail. A small, scattered minority of them is sufficient to "spring the imagination," as Meredith's phrase has it, to stir the associational mass in the mind behind the finger. Perhaps the most striking example of a very unpromising area of perception

fructified by deliberate attention is afforded by the blind deaf mutes. Sight and sound as such are forbidden to them, but they learn to detect the minutest vibratory movements involved in these phenomena. The least change in temperature or the lightest undulation of a column of air is laid hold of by them and developed into a far from ineffective guide. M. Guégan, for instance, recognizes his friends by the vibrations "produced by the impact of their feet on the ground."

"I never cross a street," he writes, "without stopping for some seconds to assure myself that no vehicle is passing: this I judge from the vibrations of the ground under my feet. These are to me a fruitful source of information; I perceive them so clearly that I have the illusion of actually hearing."

The mythology of the subject has uniformly ascribed to the blind a sixth sense, sometimes represented as the sense of orientation, sometimes as that of obstacles. Certain psychologists, like M. Woelfflin, have not only believed that there is such a sense, but they have even located it for its physiological base in the *nervus trigeminus*. But upon the non-existence of any such compensation M. Villey is sharply definite. It is true, we learn from him, that many blind persons claim to be conscious of a sort of *toucher à distance*, a new order of sensation experienced mainly about the temples. But on examination the evidence is found to be inconclusive. In many instances, whether the subject be blind or seeing, some cutaneous affection such as scarlatina or smallpox will be found to have produced hyper-æsthesia. In the remainder the sixth sense is no more than a more sensitive interpretation of the data normally given, especially of those of temperature, odor, and undulation.

Among the most fascinating of his chapters is that in which M. Villey discusses the possibility of attaining, through purely tactile impressions, an adequate perception of space. Such a question clearly plunges us *en pleine métaphysique*, and runs down to the foundations of epistemology. According to an authority like Platner, the blind perceive extension under the form, not of space, but of time. Between them and the seeing there is fixed a gulf which can never be crossed. To the fantastic geometries of four dimensions must be added another still stranger, the geometry of the blind. Such a view receives no support from the author of *Le Monde des Aveugles*. The problem of the Many and the One, the passage from concrete and multiple impressions to the generic idea, is no doubt worked out more painfully in terms of touch than in those of sight. But the process of elaboration leaves the sightless also in possession of images "extended, synthetic, extremely supple and mobile." It is a sort of tactile vision.

"The word *sight* alone seems adequate to those apparitions which surge through the mind, free from any admixture of purely muscular sensations, from any representation through the fingers or the hands, less rich, less complex, considerably less extended than visual ideas, but like them at the same time one and many, grasped in their integrity and in their details by the inner eye of consciousness" (p. 167).

The difference of modality does not prevent the conquest of the same substantial result. The procedure of touch is analytical and successive, whereas that of vision is synthetic and instantaneous. But when the material given in perception has been, so to say, chewed over by the mind, it undergoes a transformation. Memory brings back an object not fragmentarily, but in a flash:

"It is not a *défilé*, a successive unfolding, however rapid, of representa-

tions in which the different parts are added one to the other in the order in which they were first experienced. It is a fountaining forth (*jaillissement*). The object recurs *en bloc*."

If we turn to the degree of mastery of practical life which modern educational apparatus permits a blind person to attain, at least in favorable circumstances, we come on many interesting facts. One of M. Villey's correspondents is a commercial traveller who makes long railway journeys without any disagreeable incident. Many others are musicians, especially organists. M. Béraud, of Marseilles, works with success as an electrician; M. Démonet, of Vichy, is a prosperous piano-maker. It would, however, be a mere illusion of optimism to suppose that in any of these skilled pursuits the real handicap of blindness has been wholly overcome. M. Villey himself has made a distinguished mark in literature, and, what is even more remarkable, in the literature of erudition. He is one of the best-known Montaigne scholars. His edition of the *Essais* is, in the full sense of the word, monumental. He has followed, with the most minute care, the track of Montaigne's reading and has reconstructed, almost year by year, a history of his mind and imagination. It goes without saying that in this huge task he had the aid of secretaries and friends, but, when all that has been taken into account, it remains an astonishing achievement. Accomplished critic that he is, M. Villey is at his best in his analysis of the art life possible to the blind, both creative and appreciative. He introduces us to a blind German novelist of great merit, Oskar Baum, author of *Das Leben im Dunkeln*, and to a French poetess, Mme. Galeron. He examines passages from Flaubert and Hugo, and finds them curiously independent of visual sensations, almost wholly compacted of sound and movement. In the lyrical pages of Helen Keller he is sorry to discover at many points mere verbalism, or even psittacism. Most of all does he distrust her claim to penetrate into the spirit and meaning of sculpture through the medium of touch. For him, visible beauty is a world shut hopelessly against the blind. From the reports of the seeing they may, indeed, construct some vague notion of such a reality, but this is far from constituting any real knowledge of it. The gates of that Eden are closed against them.

But much is open. How much, one hardly understands until one has accompanied this humane and gracious scholar in his survey of a strange world. The long educational effort extending through Haüy and Braille down to our own time has delivered these disinherited from isolation and restored them to human intercourse. The pathos of their affliction is no longer intolerable. If they accept the conditions set them in the noble spirit that breathes through *Le Monde des Aveugles*, they are lifted into a sort of mountain-air of morality: they wear their calamity like a crown.

I cannot think of any single piece of work that would help to an understanding of the blind so greatly as an English translation of this book. M. Villey's scientific equipment is at all points adequate. He has produced a chapter of comparative psychology of a new order, and of unique value. It is a clear addition to the weight of evidence in support of the spiritual interpretation of conscious life as against the meaner theories of empiricism. Everywhere we come upon a soul straining painfully for expression behind the mutilated organs of sense, but it is an integral soul.

As I have said, the scientific interest of M. Villey's work is touched throughout with a warm glow of emotion. A great wind of loneliness blows

through it; you are made aware of the more than feminine passion for sympathy of these *gens incompris* of our kind. But behind all is the desire that the seeing may understand in order that they may help. Not the almoner but the educator, not "institutional treatment," as our chilly phrase has it—with its leading-strings, and crutches, and uniforms, and big refectories smelling of shell-cocoa—but, as far as possible, the life of the economically independent citizen, such is the burden of M. Villey's appeal. How far is it realizable? The results of an inquiry undertaken in 1905 into the progress of 264 pupils of the *Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles*, are suggestive. Of these 64 had been obliged to return home after their school course; thirty of them were able to make some contribution to the household budget, but the remainder were, through disease or inferiority of intelligence, entirely dependent. A second group of 94 just contrived to support a celibate existence. Some of them were obliged from time to time to apply for assistance, but *per contra* some also were found to be almost well-to-do. Forty per cent, that is to say, 106, had married, and were enjoying the normal life of domesticity. Of these 16 had failed in the struggle, 18 were unable to keep going without occasional help from the Institution, but the remaining 72 had made their way, and 30 of them were very comfortable. In all eighty-five per cent had discovered in our economic organization some niche into which they fitted. The figures, it should be added, relate exclusively to males.

A curious feature noted is that, subjectively, this success is felt to be greater than in its objective self it actually is. Many of the pupils came from the poorest sections of the laboring classes: their physical affliction procured for them an education far superior to that available for their healthier brothers and sisters, and on leaving school they took their places several stages higher in the hierarchy of industry. Many of them go so far as to refer to their blindness as a "happy accident," a "providential calamity," and so on. The more naïve and self-sufficient, indeed, develop in regard to their relatives all the symtoms of the thorough snob.

The occupations to which the specialized education of the blind leads them to gravitate have already been indicated. We may set aside as freaks of genius the more astonishing of the cases on record. True, we do find at Marseilles M. Béraud working successfully as an electrical engineer. He has, unaided except by an apprentice, planned and erected many installations, private and ecclesiastical. At the Paris Automobile Exhibition of 1910 he took down, repaired, and set up again many motor vehicles. At the automobile trials of Ventouse in 1911 a tandem motor bicycle, built in part by himself, with his mechanic as pilot and himself as passenger, obtained second prize. Similar, though less impressive, is the work of M. Moünnich at Magdeburg. We have details of a blind brewer who exercised his profession with considerable success for ten years, of a blind cut-glass worker, of a blind vine-dresser whose skill had become a tradition of his country-side. M. Villey himself personally examined the case of a blind cutler, recently dead, at Vichy. Under the eyes of our author he performed all the most difficult processes of his trade. What most impressed M. Villey was the infallible precision with which he put together the component pieces, six or seven in number, of his knife-hafts, already shaped by himself in ivory, horn, copper, or iron. A M. Person, also at Paris, had arrived, and believed that any blind mechanic could arrive, at a

complete mastery of clock-cleaning and repairing. But, in M. Villey's reasoned judgment, success in such enterprises demands a "conspiracy of benevolence" in addition to a marked originality which is by no means the general heritage of the blind. He found further, on investigation of the "documented" marvels, that in practically no instance was the blind mechanic, however well he worked, able to work fast enough to earn his living. In other branches in which less skill is required, and in which special training operates as a set-off against the natural advantage of the seeing, the prospect is much more hopeful. Chief of these are music, and the industries associated with it. As is well known, the teaching of music has long occupied a prominent place in the curriculum of the blind, and this study is so neglected in normal schools that something approximating to a fair start is possible. The natural faculty of the blind pupil is so fully evoked as to transform a *minus* into a *plus*. Very many blind persons of both sexes have made their way as organists, music-teachers, and even minor composers. The less fine talents attempted, against the advice of their educators, piano-tuning, with the slight grasp of mechanics involved, and from that passed on to piano-building, and in certain cases to furniture-making. Of this class the success of genius is that of M. Démonet. He acquired a decaying piano-factory, and in one year more than restored its former prosperity. His story, which is too long for minute narration, approaches more nearly than any of the others to the fairy-tale. Its special interest is that it centres in a domain for which the blind are specialized, and in which, in all the capacities enumerated, they have in large numbers succeeded. Medical massage is yet another of these particular areas. The "more scientific fingers" of the blind, that touch which has long been legendary, find in massage an occupation that literally plays into their hand. And as massage becomes a more and more popular treatment, and as the employment of a blind masseuse or masseur enables a lady or gentleman of fashion to gratify without any extra expense the two passions of curiosity and pity, it would seem to be a career with a future. The teaching of modern languages is another avenue of promise opened by a change of method. Living languages are now learned not from dead print but from living speech. With appropriate training the memory of a blind pupil of a linguistic turn can easily be stocked with adequate material of instruction. The Braille system opens a way, though a narrow way, into the garden of literature. The demand for the teaching of modern languages grows every year, and all these are favorable influences. At the same time the attainment of a position in the world of erudition comparable to that of M. Villey's must continue to be a phenomenon as rare as it is precious.

The whole task before us is the adaptation of the blind to their economic environment. It is not enough to spend benevolently: the State and private philanthropists must also spend intelligently. The blind fiddler, led about by his faithful dog, and the blind osier-weaver and basket-maker, do not exhaust the field of proved possibility. A more valuable help towards the new programme than *Le Monde des Aveugles* I cannot easily imagine. On the one side it is the science and the politics of blindness; on the other its most poignant because its most penetrating literature. We have been accustomed to speak of the blind leading the blind as a counter-sense. In M. Villey there enters a blind man who also leads the seeing.

T. M. Kettle.

The British Review.

BELOW STAIRS.

By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"I can see she has been brought up well and has learned her manners," said Mrs. Masters, taking the chair that Priscilla brought to the tea-table for her. Mrs. Masters had been a parlormaid once, and she noted with approval that the tea was set just so; and Priscilla had set it without her mother's help. Mrs. Masters had watched her put on the cloth, and the black tray, and get the tea-things from the cupboard. Luckily there was a little bit of butter in the house and a pot of home-made blackberry jam. The fire was burning and the kettle singing. Altogether the room looked homely and tidy, although Mrs. Day herself, in her working clothes, was a regular scarecrow. Mrs. Masters, who had known her in better days, felt sorry for her.

"I've brought Priscilla up as particular as if she'd been born with a silver spoon in her mouth," Mrs. Day said in an aside to her guest, "poor little image!"

Mrs. Masters was evidently in a reflective mood. She drank two cups of tea and ate first a slice of bread and butter and then a slice of bread and jam, and she talked of this and that. But you could see at the back of her mind something was brewing for which her tongue was not quite ready yet. She had been a tall, slim, pretty girl, and was still what Daneswick people called a "personable" woman, holding herself well and observing life with the bright, rather small brown eyes she had handed on to her son. She talked of household affairs and of her neighbors, and showed in all she said intelligence, determination and severity of judgment. She could be kind, you would gather, to people who deserved it, but she would not think many deserving. However, she had always liked Mrs. Day, and she evidently took to Priscilla. Her quick, bright eyes returned again and again to the child, and presently, when Pricilla had gone off on some little errand, she said to Mrs. Day:

"My girl's leavin' at her month. But she's seventeen and can cook and wash."

"Why are you partin' with her?" asked Mrs. Day.

"Because she's a hussy. You've no idea how careful you've got to be with a grown-up son in the house. The girls are that forward nowadays."

Priscilla came in again, and a whispered colloquy between the two older women went on, while she cleared the table.

"Harry said that if he could get done in time he'd come across the common and meet me," said Mrs. Masters presently to Priscilla. "You run out, my dear, and see if he's on his way."

"He ought to be done early on a Saturday, but he never is," she said to Mrs. Day, when Priscilla had disappeared. "She won't see him, especially as it's gettin' dark, but we can talk better without her. How old is she?"

"Fourteen this last September."

"It's young—and the trouble they are to train—— Well, you know all about that."

"Priscilla is quick though, and she'll learn a lot at the Vicarage this month. I've taught her a bit too, though I agree with you—it's more bother to teach than to do the thing oneself."

"It is that," said Mrs. Masters pensively. While she hesitated, Mrs. Day thought round the matter too. It

was not the start she desired for Priscilla. She herself had gone straight into a "good house," where there were twelve indoor servants and where the force of example had transformed the little country wench into a smart nursery-maid in no time. Mrs. Day knew that Priscilla's start was important and that good houses do not easily take their maids from small tradespeople. She also believed that in a large house the servants are better treated in every way and, with ordinary luck, not overworked. She knew a great deal more about the ways and opinions of rich people than many a foaming demagogue who gets the ear of the poor, because she had lived with them for fifteen years and had served in families she liked and respected. But though she was a Kent woman and had married a Kent man, her days of service had been spent in northern England. Forty years ago she had gone to her first place, twenty-five years ago she had left her last one to be married. That part of her life seemed to recede, misty and half-remembered, behind the events of later years: the births and deaths of many children and the creeping oppression of poverty. From those younger days no one remained with whom she could communicate. Priscilla must go out into the world as best she could, and the sooner the better, because her father and mother were in a bad way.

"I'm as active as ever I was, but John wishes me to have a girl," said Mrs. Masters. "He says there's no call for me to fag myself, and he won't have it. I tell him there wouldn't be half the work if he'd chosen a more gentlemanly trade. What those two bring in on their boots and clothes, you wouldn't believe. John's a man who must have his finger in the pie himself. The messier the job, the more he likes it, and Harry is as like his father as two peas in a pod."

While Mrs. Masters chatted, Mrs. Day came to a conclusion.

"Miss Parker only wants Priscilla for the holidays," she said. "If you'd take her for a month on trial when she's finished there, it can't do either side much harm that I can see. If she doesn't suit she can come home again, and if she does she can stay on."

So it was settled, and when Priscilla came in again she was told.

"Six pounds a year and a rise at the end of the first year, and every Sunday an afternoon walk home, back again before dark, and no evenings out till you're older, by your mother's wishes," said Mrs. Masters.

Priscilla, her eyes very bright, and her cheeks paler than usual, shuffled from one foot to the other, and looked reproachfully at her mother. It sounded to her as if she was being turned away from home at an early age.

"I'm not sixteen," she said at last. "Gertie and Lily were gone sixteen when they went out."

"Times were different," said her mother.

"I don't want to have her if she's going to be homesick and whiney-piney," said Mrs. Masters, taking fright. "I thought I was doin' you a turn, Mrs. Day."

"So you are. Priscilla doesn't know which side her bread is buttered yet. She's only a kid."

"I don't like service," announced Priscilla.

"Hark at her!" cried Mrs. Day, scandalized. "She's only had one morning at it neither."

"Well, you must talk it over and let me know as soon as possible," said Mrs. Masters, getting up; "I don't mind which way it is. Good servants are scarce, but little girls that are more trouble than they're worth I can get any day."

"I should think so indeed," said Mrs.

Day, and when she had seen her guest out of the garden gate she returned to the kitchen and read Priscilla a homily. The gist of it was depressing. She must no longer play as a child, she was told, or live in idleness. Her working life had begun, and from now on she must earn her bread.

"Till I get married," suggested Priscilla.

"Don't I earn mine?" said Mrs. Day. "I've worked harder since I married than ever I did before. Besides, how do you know you'll ever be married?"

"Polly Spiller's got a young man already," said Priscilla. "She walks out with him on Sundays."

Mrs. Day on occasion had a compelling eye. She withered Priscilla by the rebuke of her glance, told her she didn't want to hear anything about Polly Spiller or her goings-on, and then went back to the shed to pluck another turkey.

When Sam Day was told of Mrs. Masters' offer, he wanted to refuse it, but his wife soon brought him round to her way of thinking. There would be a mouth less to fill at home, and Priscilla would be learning to stand on her own feet. She must have some cotton frocks and aprons, and then she would be off their hands as the others were. It was the best her parents could do for her.

"Does she want to go?" asked Sam.

"No, she doesn't," said his wife. "She'd like to stay at home and have every comfort and enjoy herself. What's the good of asking questions like that? She's got to go, and that's all there is about it."

Priscilla soon saw it that way too. She had got to go out whether she wanted to or not, and she would rather begin with Mrs. Masters than with total strangers. Perhaps Harry would give her some sugary buns again and look at her with bright, friendly eyes when she felt homesick. Anyhow, she was to have new cotton frocks and aprons and be almost grown up. She went to the Vicarage next day feeling years older and wiser than she had felt the day before, and at breakfast she told White and Jackson that she had got a place. They asked where, and when they were told they sniffed and said that they themselves had never engaged with middle-class people, even when they first went out. At the same time they intimated that to be a skivvy over a shop was good enough for Priscilla.

"What's a skivvy?" asked Priscilla, when she went home.

"It's a horrid word for a servant," said Mrs. Day.

"If I must be a skivvy, why can't I go in a big house with a lot of others like you did?"

"Because I don't know of one that's asking for you, and Mrs. Masters is. You'll go where I send you, miss, and behave yourself. When the time comes you can better yourself. That's what I did; and before I married I was having my thirty-five pounds a year and all found."

"I wonder what Polly Spiller gets?"

"Whatever she gets she spends on her back. You'll bring your money to me every week, and I'll start you with a saving's-book at once. You'll put by something regular against a rainy day."

"Polly Spiller has a new red coat and skirt, and a velvet hat with a feather in it."

"Polly Spiller can do as she likes, but you're not goin' to make a Guy Fox of yourself. . . . Did you get through your work to-day?"

Priscilla said that to-day had been less eventful than yesterday, and that by to-morrow she thought she would be pretty well up to her work—not that she liked it. She was sure she would never like cleaning boots and knives, and scrubbing floors, and she

wanted to know what niche she must fill in a household in order to escape those duties. Mrs. Day told her not to worry about that yet. She would have to fulfil these duties and others not usually considered agreeable until she was older.

"In a year or two you can make your choice," said Mrs. Day, "whether you'll go into the kitchen or the nursery, or keep at the housework. They all have their disadvantages."

Priscilla had got on well at school, and liked her school work; but she had looked forward as other children do, to the end of her schooldays when lessons would be done. She had not yet realized that harder drudgery and less-pleasing work lay before her, the terminus invisible. Compared with school, the Vicarage scullery was repulsive, and the work she had to do coarse and degrading. She wondered whether things would be worse or better with Mrs. Masters, and as she was a girl of grit, she determined that she would make her apprenticeship a short one and soon move upward. She would not stay in the kitchen, she told her mother, because she was sure she would never like the grease and heat of cooking. She did not fancy nursery work either. She thought she would be a parlormaid like Gertie and Lily.

"They are only house-parlormaids in small houses," said Mrs. Day, with a sigh. Like all servants who have lived in large houses she had a contempt for small ones. But Gertie and Lily were old enough to go their own way, and if they chose to live with a Mrs. Smith and a Mrs. Jones in a London suburb, she could not prevent them. They maintained themselves and were therefore independent.

For the next three weeks Priscilla went on with her job at the Vicarage, not liking it, but learning to do the work better and more quickly. Meanwhile Mrs. Day went to Daneswick and bought enough dark blue cotton for two frocks for Priscilla, and enough white linen for six aprons. These she cut out at night, and Priscilla had to do the sewing in the afternoons. She was to have a little tin trunk Gertie had left behind last holidays and a black frock for afternoons made from an ancient merino of her mother's. New boots and shoes were out of the question, Mrs. Day said, and so were muslin aprons. Priscilla must buy those later out of her wages. But two or three days before she left home Gertie and Lily each sent her a five-shilling postal order for caps and aprons, and her mother let her go to Daneswick and cash them and spend the money. That was a red-letter day. Her own boots were strong and tidy, so the ten shillings bought her a pair of house shoes and two muslin aprons, and two caps and six new pocket handkerchiefs.

"I don't suppose Mrs. Masters will expect you to wear anything but pinafores at your age," said her mother. "But if you do your hair up, you'll look more than fourteen. My gracious child! you can't wear a cap with your hair all down your back like a lion's mane. Take it off, do."

For Priscilla had perched one of her little mob caps on her curly head, and it looked attractive but absurd. She ran upstairs without saying anything and stayed there so long that her mother called up to her to come down at once and get the tea ready.

"Yes, ma'am," called out Priscilla, and dashed downstairs, completely dressed in her new clothes, very excited and pleased with herself. She had bought some hairpins and pinned up her hair; she wore a cap, a blue cotton frock and a muslin apron. She looked extremely pretty and too young to fend for herself. Her mother did not speak, but looked at her and, though she was a woman of the peo-

ple, little read and much buffeted by life, wishes arose in her mind like those the German poet crystallized in his poem. Her thoughts and hopes blessed Priscilla, and she prayed that she might remain what she was now, a fair maid and a good one. But you would never have guessed from Mrs. Day's speech that she had tender thoughts in her mind.

"You little blockhead," she said. "Haven't I told you over and over again that you're to wear your coarse aprons of mornings with your cotton frocks, and these muslin ones when Mrs. Masters wants you to dress of afternoons?"

So, after a month's practice at the Vicarage and a little coaching of this kind from her mother, Priscilla drove off with her tin trunk one winter afternoon to her first place. Sam Day took her in the donkey cart and set her down at the private door, which was close to the shop. He would not go in, or even wait for the door to be opened, but drove off in a mighty hurry, leaving his girl and her trunk on the doorstep. He hated the thought of her going to this house in bondage and would have preferred to place her with strangers. But Priscilla, who felt afraid and desolate, revived when Mrs. Masters herself opened the door and gave her a kind welcome.

"Rub your shoes well, and then give me a hand with your trunk," she commanded. "I see it's a sensible small one. I'm glad your mother sent you early. I've some friends to supper to-night, and there's a lot to do. You can put on an apron at once and come along and help me."

Priscilla found that she was to have a tiny bedroom looking at a blank wall and furnished with a small iron bedstead, a rickety chest of drawers, a painted washstand and a little hanging glass. The counterpane was colored cotton, the strip of Dutch carpet was worn and frayed, the cane-bottomed chair was hardly safe to sit on. In fact it was the depressing room often considered good enough for servants in better houses than this one. But to have it to herself was agreeable, and it did not depress Priscilla, because she was not used to anything better. She hastily changed her Sunday frock for a cotton one, put on a linen apron and found her way into the kitchen, where Mrs. Masters was making an apple-pie for supper.

"You cut that onion in slices and chop it fine," she said, pointing to an onion and a little board and a knife ready for Priscilla on the table; "and remember that's the onion knife. You'll know it because the blade is worn so short, and you're never to use any other for onions."

The kitchen was warm and cozy. Mrs. Masters had been by herself for three days, but she had not allowed the work to get behind, or anything to be out of place. She was a most capable, hard-working woman, who found it easier to act than to teach. Still she meant to make Priscilla useful and expected the process to be troublesome.

"Now wash that knife well and chop some parsley," she said, when the onion was ready.

"Where is it?" said Priscilla.

"Never say 'Where is it?' till you've used your eyes," said Mrs. Masters at once. "It's a habit I can't endure and won't give in to."

So Priscilla used her eyes, found the parsley just behind her on the dresser and had begun to chop it when Harry Masters came in, nodded at her, looked at her curiously, and addressed his mother.

"I shall want a clean shirt to-night," he said.

"You've got one," said Mrs. Masters; "I ironed it this morning."

"Where is it?"

"Where it ought to be—in your bottom drawer."

Harry looked at Priscilla again.

"You've put up your hair," he said.

"I don't want you in the kitchen when I'm busy," said his mother sharply. "Have you left work?"

"No. I'm just off to Windsor Terrace with dad."

"Get out then."

Harry got out, whistling the last popular tune, and almost winking at Priscilla as he backed through the kitchen door. His mother had a tongue and a temper, but she never disturbed the good-humor of her menfolk. They went their own gait and took her touch of shrewishness for a disability of sex.

"You'll hear Mr. Masters and Harry say 'Where is it?' from morning till night," she said, when her son had gone. "They know it drives me crazy, but they never learn better. That's why I'm not going to let you get into the habit. It's nothing but a bad habit and best left to the men. Now wash up these things we've messed, and then I'll show you how to lay the table for supper."

(To be continued.)

DEMOCRACY AND ART.

In a recent article I endeavored to point out and describe the chief characteristic of modern art as it appears to me, the fact, namely, that it is an art cut off and separated from life. I pointed out, too, in what respects both art and life have suffered from this divorce—how art has assumed in all its manifestations that curious air of affectation which belongs to an artificial culture and which has taken the place of the unconscious and robust vitality which used to belong to it, and how life, lacking altogether the incentive of creative pleasure in its work, has grown more and more sordid and mean and dull and discontented. That these conclusions are matters of fact I believe no disinterested critic who compares the present age with an age of creative health and energy will deny.

But also I said—leaving the point for future and further discussion—that there existed in the present a hope of better things for the future, because, in times like these, when art and life are at loggerheads, the reason almost always is that life itself is undergoing certain revolutionary changes, and while this is the case and social ideals are in a state of flux and uncertainty, it must naturally ensue that no coherent message of any kind can be transmitted from life to art. Life cannot in such crises use art to any purpose, for it does not yet know its own mind. How essentially true it is that art is an expression of life may, indeed, be seen from the fact that directly life ceases to inform it art promptly subsides into incoherent babbling or the ponderous heroics of some academic affectation.

These moments are, however, for the critic most interesting, for they are especially formed to test his capacity and knowledge of his business. If he be really astute he will not at such moments bother his head much over the experiments and vagaries actually taking place in art. These he will leave to be dealt with by a body of practitioners whose taste is formed on modern art and who are able, therefore, to assume that that art is just as important as if it were the product of a creative epoch. His own gaze will be fixed upon life, for well he knows

that the informing impulse which alone can inspire a renovated art must come from life, and, therefore, must show itself in life before it can take effect upon art. Let us endeavor to follow this method here, and in order that we may do so more effectively, let us glance back a moment at the general course of life and art in the past.

There have been two great creative movements in the art of this country, each lasting about four hundred years. One began approximately in 1150 and lasted to 1550; the other starting about 1550 has lasted down to our own time, but is now evidently approaching its end. Of these two great movements the first was essentially democratic in character, the second essentially aristocratic. That, I think, will be accepted. Everyone feels the strong, popular interest, and participation of every broad and commonplace impulse, whether of humor and fun, or faith, credulity and aspiration, which belong to Gothic art, just as everyone feels the very delicate sense of breeding which belongs to the various phases of Renaissance art in England, especially to its most consistent and central phase, the Georgian. At the present moment the aristocratic ideal is on the decline and the democratic ideal once more in the ascendant. It is, if life is ever to count for anything in art again, more and more to the democratic inspiration that we shall have to look in the future. But we are not to suppose that the mediæval epoch will ever repeat itself. There is an essential difference, and one which will manifest itself in all modes of expression, artistic and literary, between mediæval and modern Democracy. The spirit of English liberty, in which the inspiration of mediæval art consisted, was in its origin sporadic. It did not develop on the national scale, or in the form of a national entity. Down probably to the Tudor age the national consciousness of Englishmen was comparatively weak and unformed, while the corporate life of individual townships was full of vigor. The national Parliament, supine and servile, hustled and browbeaten by monarchs and their favorites and totally lacking the accent of authority which arises from representing the popular will, stands in remarkable contrast to the governing corporations and guilds of cities with their strong spirit of independence and indomitable insistence on their liberties and charters. Mediæval England was a mosaic of separate particles, in each one of which the spirit of citizenship and self-government burnt brightly. The burghers of New York, Salisbury, Norwich, and Exeter were patriotic each for their own city, but scarcely conscious of any mutual bond. They aspired to control their own affairs, and their own affairs were the affairs of the city, not of the nation.

It is important to consider this character of mediæval society, for it was on this that mediæval art was based. Nothing emerges out of these centuries in the way of art that was on the national in contrast to the local scale. Our habit of thinking of Gothic art as a national art and of our Gothic cathedrals as great national structures is, in some respects, misleading. Gothic art is national in the sense that it is of native origin, but not national in the sense of representing a consciously national sentiment. Animated though they all were by similar motives and ideals the communes and boroughs of Northern Europe acted independently of each other. Each worked out its own salvation. Each vindicated its own right to freedom, and each, by and for itself, embodied its aspirations in its own works of art. The magnitude of those works—for it must be remembered that not only was a Gothic cathedral an architectural undertaking of the first magnitude, but

also that it contained and was enriched by every form of fine craftsmanship, such as glass staining, sculpture, painting, weaving, bookbinding and illumination, embroidery, precious metal and ironwork, and all other kinds of creative labor, being, in fact, a treasure house or great museum of living art rather than simply a triumph of architecture—the magnitude of such a work rightly appreciated conveys a more vivid and imposing idea of the pride in itself of each English city than any other kind of evidence. In fact, every English city in mediæval days was an Athens; a somewhat rude and barbaric Athens it may be, but an Athens for all that in its proud self-consciousness and lofty determination to live its own life.

Such was the foundation on life on which Gothic art subsisted. English liberties, writes Green, were brought safe through the turmoil of that age by the English towns. Our Gothic cathedrals were the arks in which they were conveyed.

In passing to the inauguration of the aristocratic era I shall not attempt to trace a transition which for adequate treatment would involve a long and anxious analysis, but whoever glances even cursorily at the England of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries will be aware of a marked social change in the conditions of the country. Local patriotism, at the latter date, has definitely declined, that sense of individual vitality in each particular city which is the keynote of mediæval life is abated, the guilds in which the spirit of mediæval independence is so remarkably embodied and which are so imbued with the idea of collective defence that they may be said to assert the idea of cities before their walls were built, are fast disintegrating. On the other hand, as the lesser organisms crumble and collapse, there looms in the background a larger structural formation into which they appear to be dissolving. It is, perhaps, during the age of Elizabeth that we are first tempted to speak of the English as "a people." The seventeenth century, as it happens, put the national sentiments to tests which revealed, indeed, the existence of that sentiment, but revealed also its weakness and insufficiency as a basis of government.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that for a community to rise in revolt against a system of arbitrary oppression, though it may constitute a protest against tyranny, is a very incomplete vindication of the idea of liberty. To enforce and practise liberty, and especially to enforce and practise liberty not on a local but on a national scale, needs a capacity for intelligent cooperation involving very considerable powers of thinking and reasoning. To crush a tyrant is one thing, to practise self-government is another. It may be, and often has been, argued that the country's attitude towards the Stuart oppression, its collective action and the organization of a citizen army under parliamentary guidance were indications of a high national spirit. But who gained by this popular demonstration? Not the people. The fury of the people might shatter Charles, but it could not govern England, and the consequence was that the very instruments it had evoked to wreak its vengeance, when that object was accomplished, turned upon it and became instruments of tyranny. Oliver and the army, though the hatred of tyranny had called them into being, and the abolition of tyranny was the aim of their existence, were left by the subsidence of the popular will in a position of tyranny more complete than any they had abolished. The explanation is to be sought in the inability of the people to govern themselves on a national scale. To control the affairs of a township, average intelligence added to independence of character may suffice;

to control the affairs of a nation it is necessary that to these should be added such organizing powers and breadth of survey as can only result from a matured experience and a general advance in civilization.

The same lesson was taught by the Revolution. The aristocratic class here filled the *rôle* which Cromwell and the army had played during the Rebellion. The indignation of the people made the Revolution possible, but the movement was planned, devised, and carried out in all its details by the aristocratic class. And the same thing happened now as had happened previously. The power of the tyrant who was deposed lapsed, not into the hands of the people, for the people were not ripe to receive it, and did not know how to exercise it, but into the hands of those who had been instrumental in overcoming the existing tyranny, into the hands, that is to say, of the aristocracy. Then followed that century and a half of purely aristocratic rule, or rule of the Venetian oligarchy in Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase, which in many ways had such a determining effect on the subsequent aspects of English life. It is with one of these aspects that we are here concerned. The reader must observe that the aristocratic predominance in this country is a very salient and unmistakable historical event. In the year 1688 a certain amount of power and initiative, which had been proved dangerous to the liberty of the State, was deducted from the Crown. In the year 1832 this power was passed on by the peers to the people. But in the interval it was retained by the peers themselves. The principal means adopted for this end was, of course, the development of the pocket borough system, under which the great families returned as their own nominees a majority of the House of Commons. Individual peers nominated as many as six or eight or ten members of Parliament, for the most part relatives or dependents of their own; in any case, men on whom they could rely. In this way the House of Commons was turned into an instrument of the aristocratic order. When Sydney Smith observed that individuals wielding such powers under the appearance of a representative scheme of government were in effect "our masters" he spoke the literal truth. The fact is again apparent that the Democracy, the English people, had not adapted itself to the new scale of government. It had made repeated efforts to shake off tyranny without itself being able to institute a national government on a popular basis. The organizing ability and intellectual capacity necessary for the job were, as I have said, lacking. The peers had little difficulty in out-manœuvring the people. Moreover, it must be remembered that in the days of which we speak, when intercommunication was slow and difficult and expensive, any consciousness of unity among the mass of the people was almost a practical impossibility. The physical basis for it did not exist. The peers might move about, might rally to each other and co-operate and combine. The people, scattered and isolated, could not. Whoever considers these factors will find it not strange that a race of men, who, when the question was one of defending the rights and privileges that were under their own eyes and of which their own city was the trustee, displayed a consistent and indomitable independence, should, now that it was a question of combination on a national basis, be found tamely submitting, with what almost appears to be indifference, to the oppressions of their new rulers. If England in the thirteenth century seems to be inhabited by a race of freemen and in the eighteenth by a race of serfs, the difference consists really not in the character of the people, but in

the contrast that should be drawn between a mediæval city and a constitutional government.

There is no need to dwell further on a point with which the reader will be familiar, for all are aware of the unprecedented position of authority, and indeed sovereignty, in which the great English families found themselves during the eighteenth and earlier portion of the nineteenth century. What, however, has often struck me as a remarkable proof of our total indifference to art, considered as an expression of life, is that the report furnished by art of this great social revolution seems to pass almost unheeded. If there never was a more vivid and life-like representation of democratic vigor and civic independence than Gothic art affords, there never, equally, was a more absolutely faithful and correct delineation of aristocratic ideals than that supplied by Georgian art. The two epochs exhibit respectively the drawbacks and advantages of the two points of view from which we all of us instinctively regard art. The mediæval rendering of the subject is, above all, remarkable for its strong inherent vitality, a vitality which it derives from the participation of craftsmanship as a whole in the work of creation. Mediæval art is a glorification of the labor of the whole country as well as its highest incentive. It represents the solutions of life's problems worked out by the hands and brains of artisans; only it must be remembered that the artisans were not simple individual workmen, but consisted of large and disciplined bodies or organizations which were the depositories of their accumulated knowledge, and that they were officered and led by the most skilful and efficient among them, whose skill and efficiency, nevertheless, consisted but in the application of expedients accumulated by a common experience. That an art of such origin should be distinguished by an immense vigor and a creative versatility displayed down to the least detail will seem natural enough; but equally natural will it appear that it exhibits no conscious effort to pursue beauty as an end or to enunciate intellectual principles for the guidance of art. Gothic art, in marked contrast to Greek, does not reason and reflect upon its operations. It is spontaneous and instinctive. Although its structural expedients are in the highest degree daring and original, yet these problems are attacked always from the mechanical side, as schemes of construction, not as matters of æsthetic design. There is throughout Gothic art no sign or trace of the æsthetic motive, no sign or trace of that regard for appearance and intimate knowledge of effect which prompt the artist to a stern economy and instruct him in the magnitude of the results to be achieved by a wise and careful simplification. There is probably no art in existence from which an art student has less to learn.

No doubt this absence of reflection, this absence of conscious aim and purpose in Gothic art, is a drawback for which not all its intense vitality can quite compensate us; and no doubt this drawback is, in the later Georgian era, obviated. No one can say that Renaissance art in general, and Georgian art in particular, is too spontaneous and instinctive or does not sufficiently reflect over its processes and expedients. In fact, this is the first and most obvious difference between the two great creative epochs, the democratic and aristocratic epochs in our art history to which we are drawing attention, that the first epoch proceeds by merely giving free vent to its impulses, whereas the last proceeds by critical analysis and examination. Examine whatever class of objects you will and this difference will proclaim itself. Architecture is the most in-

clusive of the arts. If the reader will consider broadly the contrast between Gothic and Georgian architecture he will observe that the former is of native origin, while the latter is adapted from classic prototypes. True, but that is merely another way of saying that Gothic art is spontaneous and proceeds by giving free play to its own instincts, whereas Georgian art is a critical exercise in adaptation and relies for its effects on the justice or subtlety of its æsthetic calculations. The two proceed, in short, out of distinct faculties of the mind, one being an exercise of the creative faculty, the other of the critical. And hence, of course, their appeal to future generations is quite different also. Mediæval art appeals to those among us who care not so much for what is definitely beautiful, or concerned with the pursuit of beauty, as for what is enriched with human interest and charged with a significance derived immediately from life. How intimate and how salutary seem, to such observers, the relations which in Gothic days existed between individual life and art. It is not the beauty of the art, or its æsthetic merits, which attracts them (though often they think it is and insist on praising it for qualities which it possesses only in a doubtful and very limited degree), but its vitality. They speculate on all that such an art signified to life, on its effect and influence upon the happiness of the people at large. And the more they go into these questions and examine the conditions and ideals of British labor in the days of the guilds and the free cities, the more they are inclined to assume that the chief and most essential purpose of art in this workaday world is to keep in touch with life and give itself up to the expression of life. Let art, they will say, preserve at all costs its vitality, whatever may happen to its æsthetic distinction. Let it be much to the people even though it be little to the connoisseur. This is the line of reasoning of those who are moved by profound sub-conscious instincts and a sense of affinity with the national existence, rather than by any abstract and disinterested theory of æsthetics. On the other hand, the professional critics strongly resent these arguments as being irrelevant to the issue. The object of art being in their eyes to investigate the nature and embody the appearance of beauty, their sympathies are naturally with the Renaissance. It is even remarkable that, when mediæval art attains, as it were by accident, the aims of æsthetic study, these critics remain indifferent to such results, whereas even the failures of the Renaissance are to them attractive since they are reached through the use, though it may be the misuse, of the reasoning faculty.

We have, then, in past history two distinct epochs in life and art. In the first place we have a strongly democratic epoch, producing an art of abounding vitality, but lacking something in refinement and æsthetic distinction. In the second place we have a strongly aristocratic epoch, producing an art of much refinement and considerable æsthetic distinction, but lacking the vitality of the earlier style. My object in thus briefly referring to the course of life and art in the past is to point out to the reader the bearing of these deductions upon the present. Without arguing for or against the theories of either of the two views of art referred to, it must, I think, be admitted that modern art is suffering from the very weaknesses which are inherent in the Renaissance point of view. No one can follow the course of contemporary art without being aware how purely critical and experimental its methods have become. The art we see around us is quite obviously sickening for some of that robust vitality

which democratic art possessed in such abundance. Its irritable self-consciousness, its insatiable habit of theorizing and analyzing its own symptoms and its own methods, its Puck-like eccentricities and grimaces, and the antics it performs in the attempt to capture public attention, are the devices into which an art naturally falls which has come to depend on processes of abstract reasoning detached from the endorsement of life. The truth is that the critical theory of art is failing because the ideal of life which supported that theory is failing too. The elaborate refinement and air of cultured distinction belonging to Georgian art were based on and proceeded out of the strongly aristocratic temper of the age. Those Palladian façades, those stately suites of salons and reception rooms, those marble colonnades and coldly formal classic adornments, and equally with these the precious and exquisite articles of furniture and decoration which filled such apartments, might maintain themselves with propriety so long as in all social and practical affairs as well as in the government of the country the aristocratic influence remained paramount. The art and craftsmanship of the period did but reflect and register the facts of life. No more can be expected of them. But just as art must register the facts of life which exist, so must it also break down in that kind of expression so soon as the facts of life change or pass. And the significant feature of the present is that the facts which supported Georgian art are rapidly passing away. With an ever-increasing fixity of resolve and clearness of purpose, the Democracy is assuming those duties and responsibilities which were once regarded as the unquestioned perquisites of the patrician order. Now, in our day, for the first time in the history of England, the people are really assuming and exercising those rights of self-government on a national scale which they have never heretofore been able to wield. They have been taught by past experience, they have felt the stimulus of education, above all, perhaps, they are profiting practically by the means of co-operation which the advance of modern knowledge has placed at their disposal. They are no longer isolated and no longer ignorant. A population which can circulate as easily and rapidly as ours now can must acquire an idea and some comprehension of the country it belongs to. Informed punctually and immediately of every event of interest it can be moved with common impulses and emotions and can easily act in unison. It must be remembered that these important influences are comparatively recent. They are but now bearing fruit. But such progress has already been made as renders the drift and direction of events unmistakable. What is it that in these days arms the popular party with such formidable powers so that such great measures as the curtailment of the authority of the House of Lords, or the reform of the land system, measures deemed hitherto impossible of accomplishment, can now be considered or projected with ease and confidence? Again, what is it that has reduced the party of privilege to its present impotence so that its utmost protests appear to be lacking in seriousness and authority? For the right answer to both questions we must look to the steadfast advance of the democratic purpose of the age.

It is not my intention to write politically. I desire only to mention such patent and obvious facts as will give a clue to the development in life which is taking place around us. It is, as I just now said, the office of the critic of art at the present time to turn to life in order to divine what, when they come, will be the directions which art will receive from that quarter. Well, there

is really no doubt on that score at all. It is quite plain that the country is committed to a serious and thorough experiment of the democratic theory on national lines. It is an experiment which has never been tried before. Only after some centuries of fruitless and abortive efforts and furious protests ending in dumb submission to various forms of tyranny, has the popular will at last attained the realization of its own national character. But it has now attained it and certainly he must be a very dull student of human affairs who, after glancing back at the history of life and art, even as cursorily as we have done, can doubt the effect of such an attainment on the future development of creative art. That kind of art, which was the outcome of the critical faculty, which proceeded by academic and analytical methods to the execution of designs acceptable to a minority of connoisseurs, has exhausted its own processes. It has sunk to the condition of a professional perquisite, and so unreal are all its proceedings, so entirely has it lost touch with the life of its day, that the public as a whole are indifferent to its existence and have to be goaded into such a show of occasional interest as a regard for appearances seems from time to time to render necessary. No one, I am sure, who intelligently surveys the past history of art can fail to perceive that the resuscitation of art demands, above all, an infusion of those very elements which were its chief characteristics in an earlier Democratic epoch. It needs popularizing, it needs vulgarizing, it needs to be used by life, it needs to be taken out of the hands of professional custodians and art critics and professors and academies and given to the people that they may infuse into it some of the vitality it has lost.

This, then, seems to be the present situation. We are passing, in life, into a period of democratic activity and leaving behind us a period of aristocratic ascendancy. In art we have arrived at the stage when the maintenance of aristocratic ideals has become no longer possible, and when the dregs and vestiges of that tradition are quite obviously in need of what nothing but democratic participation in matters of art can supply. I ask the reader to study these two sides of the problem together and to realize their bearing upon each other. If he does so he will, perhaps, be encouraged to believe that the stereotyped phrases which take it for granted that existing conditions must endure indefinitely are altogether irrelevant. The revolution in life, in the social structure of the nation, of which we are witnessing the first effects, may make such changes in art and industry easy as now seem beyond the limits of possibility. Do not let us pledge ourselves to facts which are ceasing to be facts even while we subscribe to them. A man, unless he have a passion for that kind of slavery, has no excuse, in times of such evident transition, for binding himself to the circumstances of the hour. Our visible motion should force us to inquire the direction of our course. That, after all, is the important point, yet it is just this point which most often eludes us. We are living in an express train and yet we hang on to our surroundings as though they were stationary. We would take every house as it flits by and dwell in it and perhaps enlarge it, and rent every farm and cultivate it. We say "here we are," and before the words are out of our mouths we are in the next parish. There is no need to take all the talk one hears about the hopelessness of a revival of craftsmanship under modern conditions and the permanence of the factory system, and the indifference of the artisan to artistic considerations at all seriously. Life sweeping on will alter

the aspects of all such circumstances in a very short time, and in the meantime let us attend a little more to our destination, and a little less to the objects we pass on the way.

It always appears to me that Liberalism would gain very much if it were more ready to include such ideas as I have been dealing with. It seems at present to be almost entirely a matter of politics, and politics are almost entirely a matter of environment. Hence that dry, materialistic, and superficial aspect which English Liberalism is apt to wear and which arises from its lack of sympathy with ideas as such. Hence, too, its unattractiveness, and the suspicion and alarm with which many people view it, thinking that it is out after nothing but material conquests, and that the whole aim of its activity is the acquisition of different forms of property. I was reading just lately an article in a leading Liberal journal on the best way of dealing with the conditions of town life. The writer describes the evils which afflict our industrial workers. They are all of a material kind and such as can be dealt with by Parliament, and consist of overcrowded and insanitary dwellings, insufficient wages and the like causes. The remedy is "a certain standard of housing and street building that the State should impose." The whole business of repairing "the ravages of industrial civilization" is to be dealt with by the "authorities." "Local authorities must prepare a survey and plans for dealing with the situation which the survey discloses. These must be checked by a central authority," and then we are told how money and land are to be provided, and how the landlord and landowner are to be summarily dealt with, and in what way rates and taxes and ground values and rents are to be made to contribute to the blessedness of the final achievement. The article is quite typical. All Liberal newspapers take in the main this view: the view that the evils of life consist in certain material disadvantages and can be remedied by removing those disadvantages. Are men miserable, degraded, discontented? Something must be wrong with their lodging, or their food, or their wage. Thus the democratic advance, which received so marked a stimulus in 1906, has been made to appear to the imagination of many like the advance of a predatory host. The aim of Democracy, it is concluded, is loot made lawful. Such an estimate of the popular cause needs softening and correcting. Blessedness does not consist solely or even chiefly in wages and houses. Character has more effect on environment than environment on character, and nothing that the authorities, local or central, can do in the matter will supply the place of personal self-respect and dignity. If we would turn our attention more to the essentials of life we might be able to show that the idea of democratic progress implies not so much an attack on property as the revival of certain ideals which will enrich and beautify life, and of which life at the present stands sorely in need. One of the chief of these ideals is the intelligent participation of labor in all kinds of creative activity, and this aim attained will not only infuse a new vitality into modern art and craftsmanship, but will also restore to society its ancient content and stability. This is an integral and perhaps the noblest portion of the Liberal gospel, and if it belongs rather to the domain of thought than to that of immediate practical politics that is all the more reason that we should set our minds steadily to its consideration.

L. March Phillipps.

The English Review.

SCOTT: WAVERLEY: JULY, 1814.

I.—The Milieu.

The year and a half following the entry of the allies into France, that witnessed the fall and abdication of the first Napoleon, the tragi-comic experiment of his sovereignty of Elba, the restoration of monarchy, when "kings crept out again to feel the sun," the evolution of the national idea in Germany and Italy, and that enshrined in the *vol de l'aigle* the most romantic episode of modern history, and in the battle of Waterloo the logical conclusion of the tremendous series of events—of which Austerlitz, Trafalgar, Eylau, Bayonne, Moscow, and Leipzig were the pivots—constitute a period which, for dramatic intensity, has probably no rival in recent annals. Yet in nothing, perhaps, was the period more memorable than in the fact that it also witnessed in July, 1814, the creation of the modern historical novel. There is a romantic historic fitness, it must seem, in the juxtaposition of two such giants of the human species as Napoleon Bonaparte and Sir Walter Scott, who might by old-fashioned moralists be taken to represent respectively the malevolent and beneficent principles that contend above the heads of human affairs.

There is something that looks almost like design, too, in the juxtaposition of two such perennial themes for Legend and Romance as the downfall of the Napoleonic system and the last forlorn hope of the ill-fated House of Stuart. The stimulus given to the world's interest in its own historic past by the publication of *Waverley* on July 7th, 1814, cannot easily be exaggerated. A good deal had been done for the renaissance of historical study during the second half of the eighteenth century, and in what had been done in our island three lowland Scotsmen (who stand, it is true, a very long way after Gibbon) take a conspicuous share. But the modern devotion to history as a means of fathoming the past and divining the possibilities of the future is very largely, indeed, a creation of the century that has followed the apparition of *Waverley*. It needed a man whose historical imagination and intellectual power were matched by all kinds of secondary qualities to enable him to accomplish that which Scott performed in the fifteen years of work that remained to him in 1814.

Externally, as we know, his first ambition in life was to have been a soldier. Circumstances made him something of a Monkbarns; but his sympathy was always with the martial heroes, such as Hector McIntyre and the admirable Lovell; even the Earl of Glenallan is to him a most enviable man when he appears in his martial equipment at the head of his feudal dependents in the crisis of 1804, when "the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of their leader." To superficial observers Scott was "the shirra," the laird, the chief of the Abbotsford Hunt; his chief title to fame with his own children was that he generally saw the hare first; with his tenants and tradesmen that he was rearing a mansion capable of accommodating twenty-four lady's-maids with their mistresses and other appurtenances to match at one and the same time; while to the philosopher his ostensible ambition might seem hardly more respectable than that of the creator of the Leasowes. But for all his life, as we should have to interpret if we did not know, Scott was fundamentally a dreamer, whose mind in all the most vivid hours of his life

was far removed from the reality in which he seemed to be bent on cutting so prominent a figure. It was seldom absorbed (like Stevenson's) upon the subject of expression, which must almost always represent the soul of literature; but it was perpetually intent upon the life that his fathers had lived, the world of his Scottish ancestors, the historic past about which his vast, though fragmentary, store of reading had excited his undying curiosity. He had entered into the field of romance through the ruined portal of archæology and ballad lore. Historic monuments, battlefields, the legendary gazetteer of the Border country—these things were his primers and his manuals. He did not attempt to vivify and transmute actual chronicles as Shakespeare did. He did not get up subjects for poetical or romantic historical epic by a deliberate and detailed course of study as Milton and Macaulay are known to have done. Still less did he incubate an historical theme for over twenty years after the manner of Shorthouse; or reconstitute select pages of the past from diligently sought nuggets after the fashion of Charles Reade. Rarely, if ever (possibly to some extent in the *Fortunes of Nigel*) did he soak himself in the literature and illustrative material of a definite period after the manner of Thackeray in the case of *Esmond*. He could not work in these ways. His mind was charged and bursting with the Scotland of other ways and other days by a more idiosyncratic process. He always seeks under the impulse of his peculiar historic sense a broader effect than any minute individual study could give. The romantic colors of *Waverley*, the sombre eloquence of *Old Mortality* are not referable to any specific course or process of research. Scott had such a marvellous memory for whatever bore the national stamp, his brain was so subtly packed with the ocular and audible experience of his converse with the people, so full of their physiognomy, gesture, and phrase, that he fed his narrative incessantly from the life-source itself. His novels are an amalgam of memory, in which is blended the experience of antiquary, sportsman, lyrist, historian, politician, soldier, patriot, gaberlunzie, Liddesdale farmer, and a dozen others. Goldsmith's panacea for the conceit of an author—that he would have done better had he taken more pains, is not applicable in his case. These are some of the reasons, among others, why Scott is one of the most unconcentrated of authors, and why, though of a like stature, he has no formal claim, like Milton or Swift, to a supreme mastery in verse or prose. His genius has more of the character of Chaucer or of Shakespeare about it; and, taken for all in all, he has built up in the Waverley novels and in his lyrical fragments, ballads, and songs an edifice which we should regret the loss of, as we should regret that of but one other work in our literature—the reference is obvious to "The Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies of Mr. W. Shakespeare."

When he came to write his novels, all his love of tradition, of superstition, of proverbial anecdote and the countryside was precipitated in an unfailing flow. His was not a style or a nature that would have gained from deliberations, or pauses, or restraints. It was because he was so much alive to the long past of Scotland that he made his imaginary characters live with that intense reality, that instant and urgent conviction of their truth in which he is to be compared only with Shakespeare. And he resembles Shakespeare too, and Shakespeare only, in his manliness and his tolerance. The manliness and the canniness, which are rarely, if ever, absent from Scott, help us to account for

the lack of passion in the dalliance between Scott's heroes and heroines. Scott was well on in middle age, it must be remembered, even in the early days of *Waverley* to *Old Mortality*, and in a wandering, dithyrambic lover he always saw a potential son-in-law. Hence, though a true-blue Tory through and through himself, for prudential reasons he always selected a moderate Whig, like Henry Morton, as the prize-winner in his romances. If he kept his young men too long in the bower, he thought they would be open to the charge of malingering in view of the sterner aspects of life, and this was a fault that the soldierly Scott had in the most intense reprobation. Andrew Lang carried the defence rather far when he maintained that Scott disapproved and despised the clever spyings and dissections of womankind which are so popular at the present day. He was too chivalrous to expose the little weaknesses of women. "Novels of the most poignant interest are constantly beginning in private life, and then break off because the living characters are persons of honor and self-control." Scott had the necessary self-control, or, if occasional lapses occurred, Scott was not the man to kiss and tell. Consequently in the novels he left the depths of passion unsounded. Scott had his own love-romance, and the memory of it always touched him poignantly. He, too, like the antiquary, had occasion to sigh "Eheu Evelina!" But at bottom he was a lawyer, an antiquary, a patriot, a statesman, and a bit of a stoic. In spite of his fondness for mediævalism, and the fact that he was a pioneer of the Romantic movement in Europe, the author of *Waverley* was at heart a thorough eighteenth-century Scotsman, a worshipper of good sense, toleration, modern and expert governmental ideas, who valued the past for its picturesqueness and sentiment, but was thoroughly alive to the benefit of peaceful and orderly rule, and deeply convinced that we are probably much better off under Georgian rule than we should have been under King Richard, or even King James VI. Scott, in short, had the mind of an enlightened eighteenth-century administrator and statesman, who had a profound insight into the springs and characters of the historic past, and had made a hobby of armor and old ballads. To expect him to treat of intense passion or romantic mediævalism as Charlotte Brontë or Dante Rossetti would have done would be as absurd as to expect to find the sentiments of a Mrs. Browning blossoming amid the horse-play of *Tom Jones* or *Harry Lorrequer*. Scott is, indeed, mostly too shy or too stoical to write freely on emotional themes. Morton, to my mind, is a manly enough fellow, but is hampered by his terribly formal speech. Roland Græme, in the *Abbott*, is a spirited young fellow. *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward* are a little featureless. Waverley, Frank Osbaldistone, Alan Fairford, and others, are just natural young men of no particular distinction, who happen to be the centre of dangerous adventures. They are less unpleasing than some of Shakespeare's tin-bellied heroes, such as Claudio and Bertram. Among the heroines Rose Bradwardine, Di Vernon, Catherine Seyton, Rebecca, Jeanie Deans, are unsurpassed as a group out of Meredith or Shakespeare.

In tolerance and impartiality Scott is far nearer to Shakespeare than to Macaulay—the two English writers who, after himself, have done the most to make the chords of history vibrate and resound. Though a man of strong, even of passionate, opinions on political and religious questions, his opinions are never obtruded in his romances. And this was not the result of any conscious effort, but sprang

from the imaginative energies which put the appropriate point and the felicitous phrase into the mouths of so many opposing and violently antagonistic characters. He was, writes Professor Grant in this connection, "an eager Tory, but how excellently and sympathetically are the Whig statesmen rendered in the *Heart of Midlothian!* He was accused at the time of the publication of *Old Mortality* of maligning the Covenanters, and his own feelings were decidedly antagonistic to them (he could write of them earlier in his life as those 'beastly Covenanters'); yet most readers feel themselves drawn with a strong sympathy to Ephraim Macbriar, Balfour of Burley, and their associates." He was a Protestant, and was never tempted to move a hair's breadth from the Protestant position (again in his *Letters* he speaks very slightingly of the brain force of Catholics); but his treatment of Jacobitism and Catholicism, and the antique religion generally, has procured a welcome for his books in Roman Catholic circles from which most English novels are excluded, and has drawn upon him the reproach of Thomas Carlyle and the violent abuse of George Borrow. Similarly, in *Woodstock* and *Peveril* he shows much to admire in various aspects of Puritanism and Presbyterianism. In *Waverley* he is scrupulously fair, and does equal justice to kirk and church, to Highland and Lowland, to gentle and simple. The wild, irregular music of Davie Gellatley is one of the noblest strains in the book. The just clash of character and ideal, the slow winding approach, the breathless development, the antique retainer whose instinctive knowledge of the threads of the plot turns the scale at the critical moment, the "tedious description" which was noticed as absent in *Old Mortality*, the huddled denouement—all these Abbotsford traits and idiosyncrasies are already conspicuously discernible in the last two volumes of *Waverley*, that success of the summer of just one hundred years since.

II.—The Moment.

Subsequent to the summer of 1814 when *Waverley* appeared Scott added very little to his accumulation of material. He was by that time, it might almost be said, enceinte with the whole series. The framework of the novels was already existent in his brain, the details of many of them had been dreamt over dispersedly and, if he had perished before the appearance of *Waverley*, the whole splendid fabric would have foundered before a single word had been written. The historical romance as a finished product begins with *Waverley*. Scott was the inventor and creator of the *genre*, but it is true also that he was influenced to a considerable extent by the work of certain predecessors in the school of fiction. He himself once expressed indebtedness to the novels of Cervantes; but the prose fiction in which we can detect certain undeveloped traits of the master dates mainly from the reign of George III. and is to be found in three main tributaries running down to the torrent of 1814. First, the Tale of Terror, as imagined and developed by such brilliant but for the most part amateurish practitioners, as Walpole, Clara Reeve, and Anne Radcliffe—culminating during the *Waverley* period in such relatively successful performances as *Melmoth*, *St. Leon*, and *Frankenstein*. Several of Scott's mystificatory devices, it may be noted, were anticipated by Horace and Clara who either translated from an old Italian story or worked from a manuscript which at times lacked a page or was so worm-eaten that it was scarcely decipherable.

Secondly, there were the historical experiments or as some would call

them the historical extravagances of Jane Porter, whose *Scottish Chiefs* dealing with imaginary days of Wallace and Bruce, appeared in 1810. Except quite indirectly the *Scottish Chiefs* can only have served Scott as a solemn warning, but its extravagance and untruth did arouse the wrath of professed antiquaries such as Joseph Strutt, whom it provoked to write the romance of *Queen-Hoo Hall*. Scott as we know was entrusted with the task of finishing the incomplete fossil that fell from Strutt's hands, and it was while doing so that he felt his own muscle as a prose romanticist, and was drawn into the train of reverie and project which led direct to the publication of *Waverley*. Scott had already made a tentative essay in prose romance with the legend of Thomas the Rhymer in 1799; but the strain of ballad and legendary poetry which came as rapidly as thought was still unexhausted, and he was easily diverted from this false start along the pathway of "Terror."

Yet only six years or less elapsed before he began another prose romance upon better laid foundations, for in 1805 he wrote the first six chapters of *Waverley* preparatory to an Epic either in prose or verse of which Prince Charlie was to be the hero and highland manners to supply the atmosphere. The criticism of Erskine was not favorable, the success of the *Lady of the Lake* diverted his serious attention and it was not until 1810 that Scott made any addition to the manuscript. In this year Ballantyne gave the author, who depended so much upon the encouragement of his inner circle, a sanguine estimate of the prospect of such a work, but fearing that Scott's poetical reputation might suffer he was not enthusiastic, still less persistent. Again the manuscript was laid aside and for a time it was lost. But in 1813 in a lumber room of the Tweedside Castle which Scott was rearing upon the profits of poetry the long sought talisman, which was to prolong his tenure of the Aladdin's Palace for another ten years and more, was accidentally found. The completed volume was submitted to Erskine once more, and Erskine revised his former opinion to such purpose that Scott's sanguine nature fixed upon it at once as a potential restorer of his fortunes. The MS. was forthwith copied by John Ballantyne and sent to press. As soon as it was printed the volume was submitted to Constable, who straightway offered Scott £700 for the copyright of the completed work. If "our fat friend" had offered £1,000 Scott gives us to understand that he would have accepted it; as he did not rise to the hint, the book was undertaken on the half-profits basis.

The novel was, however, put completely aside until Scott could polish off two hundred-pound articles on Chivalry and Drama for the then forthcoming supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The last two volumes of *Waverley* containing in epitome all the great qualities that have made the novels such a priceless possession to Europe and America and illustrating the third source of inspiration ("I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland") were written at lightning pace during the first twenty days of June, and the finished novel appeared on July 7th, 1814, in three little volumes, with "a humility of paper and printing which the meanest novelist would now disdain to imitate; the price a guinea."

"As to *Waverley*" (writes Scott on July 24th), "I will play Sir Fretful for once, and assure you that I left the story to flag in the first volume

on purpose; the second and third have rather more bustle and interest. I wished (with what success Heaven knows) to avoid the ordinary error of novel writers, whose first volume is usually their best." A second edition of two thousand copies was planned on the same day, and went off so rapidly that when Scott returned from his vacation, during which he had spent some of the happiest days of his life in Ossianic contemplation of the Orcades, he found that all of it had gone, and Constable was eager to treat on the same terms as before for a third edition. This was brought out in October, and the South was hungry for another in November. By 1820 *Waverley* had conquered France, the *Journal des Debats* described Scott as the reigning author of the day, and, within a year or two, Victor Hugo, Amedée Pichot, Nodier, Heine, Michelet, Chateaubriand, Felix Bodin, and the whole milky way of contemporary critics are among the most obsequious of his adorers. The fashions of Paris had become deeply tinged with the Caledonian *engouement*. Theatre after theatre succumbed to the same influence. Romantics, Russians, Realists—no single school of Fiction has developed in a short space such a serried host of imitators.

Waverley concluded at chapter seventy-two with "A Postscript which should have been a Preface," and this was inscribed at the tail-end, "To our Scottish Addison, Henry Mackenzie, by an unknown admirer of his genius." Mackenzie's position in the Scottish capital of 1814 was somewhat similar to that of Congreve in London a hundred years earlier, and Scott was never a severe critic, or indeed a critic at all, of friend or acquaintance. So that there is nothing to astonish us in the direction of the dedication. Scott's anonymity is less easy to understand. The primary reason is not wholly obscure. In publishing *Waverley* the author was essaying a new form of literature, and the ill success of the novel might have damaged his poetical reputation. Scott himself so liked the "muddled kind of work," as he called fiction, that he could hardly believe that anybody else would. But why did he continue to conceal his name? As with the reasons that impelled him to undertake the enormous labor of these novels during the most brilliant and successful period of his life the motives are very mixed. Scott's motives usually are. There are four strands, at least, in the rope of secondary reasons. It was a huge joke, the mystification, and it had already enjoyed impunity in the case of *The Bridal*. He was delighted when they tried to father the work on Erskine or on Brother Tom, and he advised Tom to try and get an advance out of the American booksellers on the strength of the attribution. Anonymity saved him from personal apologia, defence, answers to innumerable letters. It protected him from flattery, personal talk, and criticism of the writer. Finally, it aided him in shunning the self-consciousness of authorship which the laird and the soldier in him detested.

There have been numerous attempts to arrange and classify the Waverley novels. Some arrangements are chronological, others are geographical, and others again historical. Personally, the division to which I think there is least objection is the division into orders of merit—good, better, and best. And this is simplified by the fact that the first five long novels are essentially the most taking, the subjects lend themselves best to Scott's singular genius and peculiar knowledge, and they were written during the period from his forty-fourth to his forty-ninth year, when he was in the prime of his manly health and the maturity

of his power. Their excellence, too, in the main is progressive. *Guy Mannering* is more excellent as a whole than *Waverley*, the *Antiquary* beats even *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy* outplays the *Antiquary*, for it lends itself even better than its predecessors to Sir Walter's "propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccanneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." I do not know why it should be so, he adds, "as I am myself like Hamlet, indifferent honest; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins." But *Old Mortality*, with its splendid dramatic opening of the popinjay and superbly tragic and gloomy close with the death of Balfour, by general consent outclasses even *Rob Roy*. Scott had now reached the summit of the Waverley range. The romance of the ascent had begun with the seventh chapter of *Waverley*. The approximate summit was reached in the meeting between Morton and Balfour after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. Some have detected even higher peaks in individual chapters of the *Heart of Midlothian*, *Redgauntlet*, or the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Coleridge was not far wrong when he said that *Guy Mannering* and *Old Mortality* were the two best of the Scots novels.

Thomas Seccombe.

The Contemporary Review.

"BRACKETED FIRST."

(*Concluded.*)

Danvers slept ill that night, as one might expect. His dreams were haunted by the tramp, who was sometimes tossing halfpennies for Danvers' soul. And at every toss he would say, "These things don't stand still." Just before waking this dream melted into another. He dreamt that he was being drilled, with a rifle in his hand. And the drill-sergeant kept repeating something which Danvers, in waking experience, had heard him say many times. "Remember, gen'lmen, that in real war you 'ave to fire at a runnin' targit. And don't forget that the runnin' targit has a gun as well as you. Be prepared for the targit to fire back at you, gen'lmen, and take cover accordin'. These things don't stand still."

At eleven o'clock next morning Danvers was again in his sitting-room, waiting doubtfully for the tramp. No tramp came. At a quarter past eleven he gave him up, and taking the morning's paper began to read. In a column headed "Notes and News" his eye was caught by the following paragraph:—

"Shortly after twelve o'clock last night, in High Street, a man was picked up by a policeman in a state of helpless intoxication. Soon after reaching the police station it was seen that the man's condition was serious. The doctor was immediately sent for, but before his arrival death had taken place. The only garments on the body, which was much emaciated, were an old overcoat and pair of trousers. From the contents of his pockets the police are of opinion that the man had seen better days, and they are not without hope that he may be identified. It appears that he was begging last night outside the Senate House, and several persons were seen to give him money. With this he evidently indulged in a drinking-bout, the result of which, in his famished condition, proved fatal."

When Danvers read this paragraph he turned sick at heart. His first clear impulse was to find Pindar and show him the news. He was just about to leave the room on this errand, when a

step sounded on the stone staircase, and somebody tapped at the door. "Here's the tramp after all," thought Danvers, "the dead man must be another."

The next moment he saw he was mistaken. The person who entered the room was an Inspector of Police.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the Inspector. "From what we've heard it's thought you can help in identifying a man who died in the cells last night—a tramp who was found drunk in the streets."

"I've just read about it in the paper," said Danvers. "All I know about the man, if he's the same, is that he asked me for money in the street, which I refused. From the way he talked he seemed to have had some education."

"There's other evidence of that, sir. But what made us think you might know something about him is that *we found your visiting-card in his pocket.*"

"My visiting-card!" exclaimed Danvers. "I gave him no card."

"He had it, sir. At least he had a card with 'John Danvers' on it, and the name of this College in the corner."

"Impossible!"

"Well, I'll own it's strange. It's a very dirty card, sir, and seems to have been in his pocket a long time. I have it here."

"Great God!" cried Danvers, turning as white as a sheet. "Show me the card."

The Inspector produced the card. It was as he said. On a filthy bit of pasteboard was the name "John Danvers" and "St. Rook's College" in the corner. The young man staggered, and the Inspector, thinking he would faint, rushed across the room to support him. Sinking into a chair he covered his face with his hands, rocked his body to and fro, and simply moaned, "Oh, my God!" The Inspector, who was not unprepared, remained silent till Danvers uncovered his face.

"It's a painful thing, sir, no doubt. But I'm afraid you'll have to go through with the identification. Better get it over at once."

"Yes. Come along." Danvers put on his hat. As he walked with the Inspector through the streets the words of the tramp kept ringing in his ears —*"These things don't stand still."* Presently he said—

"Am I the only witness to this identification?"

"No, sir. There's one more. A Miss Doughty from the Ladies' College."

"O horror! Is that necessary? What has she to do with it? She knows nothing."

"Well, we are not sure. She was seen talking to the man for some time last night, and it's thought he may have told her something which may be useful in evidence. She's one of those that gave him money. A great mistake, sir, to give money to——" but the Inspector checked himself, and did not finish the sentence.

They came to the police station. Several persons were waiting about outside. Danvers looked round to see if Madeleine was among them. She was not there. As he passed through the corridors, he thought, he feared, that he might see her. He did not.

He was taken into the mortuary. There, on the middle of a long table, otherwise unoccupied, was a stretcher, and on the stretcher a human shape outlined under a sheet. There was nothing else in the room.

They placed Danvers in front of the stretcher and removed the sheet. And he stood there, still as any figure cut in stone, gazing at what lay before him.

For several minutes he stood thus. Then, speaking in a calm voice, he said—

"That is the body of my father. He

disappeared years ago, and none of us have seen him since—till now. The card was his own. He was once a member of my College. He was—well, never mind what he was."

He did not break down. He showed no haste to turn away. He was like a man gazing at his image in a mirror. For there before him he saw a face like his own, aged and degraded, but also with marks of unutterable suffering, sternly emphasized and even ennobled by the touch of death.

"Yes," he said again, "that is my father."

As he repeated these words he trembled for the first time. At the same instant something touched him, and, behold, an arm tightly linked within his own. He felt no surprise. He did not even turn his head to see who it was. He *knew;* and it was as if he felt behind him the shelter of a great rock.

"Come away," said Madeleine. "It is enough!"

Arm-in-arm they two went out. As they walked thus along the crowded streets they passed acquaintances and college friends; saw their smiles and knew what they were saying, thinking. They were unabashed.

For some time neither of them spoke a word. Then they began their first lovers' talk.

"These things don't stand still," said Danvers. Madeleine's answer was to tighten the arm that was linked in his.

"We were both right," she said.

"We are both right *now*," he answered; and again he felt the pressure tighten on his arm.

"It's the one thing in the world that is *infallibly* right," said Madeleine.

"Yes. It's the only way out. Madge, I've learnt more Moral Science in the last half-hour than all the universities in the world could ever teach me."

"You don't call *this* Moral Science?" said Madeleine; and she looked up at him with a smile that was half a reproach.

"By God, I do! It's the only sort that leads anywhere."

"Where is it leading you and me?"

"I don't know and don't wish to know. I'm content with the place it has led us to already. But it *leads*, Madge, it *leads*—that's the point."

They fell silent and walked on. You see, both of them had been taught to *think*. Presently Madeleine said—

"Dan, dear boy, you've been in deep waters to-day."

"I have. And so have you."

"Yes; that's the beauty of it."

"*What?*" cried Danvers; and, heedless of the street traffic, he stopped suddenly in the middle of a crossing and looked in Madeleine's face.

"The *beauty* of it," she repeated.

"By Jove! that's just what I was thinking. Madge, this world is going to be a better place than it ever could have been if this awful thing, and all that went before it, had never happened. It's going to be better for both of us."

At that moment the toot of a motor-horn warned them to get out of the way. They didn't hear it.

"It's going to be better for *everybody*," said Madeleine.

"It ain't going to be better for me," said a voice. "I say, miss, if your young man wants to pop the question, 'adn't you better step on to the sidewalk? We don't want no more inquests."

The speaker was the driver of the car whose progress they had arrested. Mechanically they took the hint, and the car passed on.

"Madge," said Danvers, "we're making fools of ourselves."

"All people do, at these times," said Madeleine; "but we are not such big fools as some of them. But I say, Dan, this will *keep*, won't it?"

"Till the end of all things."

"All right; then let's pass on to the next. I'm off to see your mother. I've something to tell her. I tried to save him."

"Beloved, you're a brick! But I go too."

"Of course. We go together. And sharp's the word! Only two hours to train time. Meet me on the platform."

And without another word she was gone.

For some minutes Danvers stood bewildered, and pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming. Satisfied that he was wide awake, he resolved to go straight to Pindar's rooms and tell him everything.

"That's the most difficult of all," he said to himself. "I wonder how poor old Pin will take it? But it's best to tell him at once."

Pin took it splendidly. When, after a little beating about the bush, Danvers suddenly announced that he was engaged to Madeleine, Pindar jumped to his feet, thundered his congratulations, and roared with delight. But if you had been in his rooms a few hours afterwards you would have noticed that the mouthpiece of his favorite pipe was bitten clean through. He had a powerful jaw. I have only to add concerning him that he, too, passed the Practical Examination with credit and did not turn monk.

When Danvers reached his rooms a letter lay on the table. It ran as follows:—

Eagle Lodging-House,
Beck's Alley.

"*My dear Son,*—I congratulate you on your First in Moral Science. Accept the blessing of the poor old drunkard, who is all that is left of your father.

"You inherit your aptitude for speculative morals from me; you owe me that; and I confess I was a bit cut up when you refused to shake hands. It's a mere accident that I have fallen to the lowest depths. Had I been able to come round in the morning, I would have set you right on Free-will.

"But it's too late. When you get this letter all will be over with me. I shall leave it with the boss to post to-morrow morning.

"Your father's mind, Jack, is considerably dilapidated, but retains enough intelligence to see the way out. As to will-power, I am unfortunately dependent on the services of a friend, and I begged enough money outside the Senate House to purchase his help. He lives in a bottle. Be thankful you gave me nothing, but tell Madeleine and Pindar that their money was well bestowed.

"I knew Madeleine at once; but you I did not recognize till you gave your name. The last time I saw you your cheeks were smeared with strawberry jam.

"Thirty-two years ago, to the very day, the list came out on which my own name was conspicuous; and it is true, as I said, that I have walked twenty-eight miles to-day—to assist at your triumph, my boy, which I heard was expected, and to recall my own.

"I returned from the River Plate a month ago, having worked my passage in a cattle ship. Tell your mother, and the others whom I have wronged, that during these twelve years I have tasted every humiliation and endured all the torments of the damned. So far as I am concerned, the last act of expiation will be made to-night—in the pool below St. Barnabas' Weir. But go on with the work of atonement, my boy. *And ask Madeleine to help you.* It needs more than the efforts of one person to get a soul like mine out of purgatory. Besides, she will counteract the speculative morals, of whose effects I am afraid. Speculative morals, Jack, should not be taken neat—that was my mistake. They require mixing with other things. Mix them with Madeleine. Once more, I bless you both. JOHN DANVERS."

L. P. Jacks.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.*

Readers of these two volumes, with any respect for the remarkable personality from which alone they derive their interest, will rise from their scrutiny with very mixed feelings. It is a difficult question how far anyone who has deliberately chosen a public career—whatever the deliberation or however inevitable the choice—may claim exemption from those who would set him out, in all his ways, for the most ruthless examination. It is with the luck of his stars how much of his privacy he may be able to withhold from that subsequent lack of mercy. He cannot claim that mercy, from friend or foe: but he certainly ought to be entitled to it from those who loved the touch of his hand. He ought to be entitled to it in fact and in detail. If there is one thing certain more than another it is this, that Parnell himself would rather have suffered any torture than have contemplated the publication of these volumes. The lady who took the decision to publish tells us that she did so in order to repel the charge made by Mr. William O'Brien that Parnell was "rather the victim than the destroyer of a happy home." It is not quite certain that she succeeds in her intention; but, in any case, we know what Parnell's reply to such a charge would have been; and we may ask with some show of justice why his decision, unheard but not hard to guess, should not claim the right to enforce itself. Yet even if one concedes this central fact, there are attendant matters that make one pause. The story might have been told, and told with far fuller and more satisfactory detail than it has, and yet have been given with a reticent dignity of manner. Instead of which it has been exploited (serialized is the technical term employed) with the grossest disregard of dignity. Moreover, Parnell won at a considerable cost, to himself and to the country he loved and others love, the right that the lady he loved should wear his name: it may or may not be a worthy thing, but he paid for it: and it is somewhat surprising, therefore, to see that lady claim the authorship of these volumes as "Katherine O'Shea." So the continual reference to Captain O'Shea as "Willie" may be no more than a mis-step; but it is not a happy mis-step.

What it was that Mr. William O'Brien meant by the cryptic remark we have quoted we do not know; and we do not greatly care. Save for one cloudy moment, at the deception attending the birth of his child, it is certain that Parnell comes out of the ordeal of his exposure clearer than ever before; better understood; and to be understood is, at the bar of the heart, the noblest, perhaps the only, acquittal for which any man may look. He would not have wished such an acquittal, the circumstances being as they are; he was not of that stuff; but the fact remains, nevertheless. We are given a key with which we may unlock the doors which he shut against the world; and we discover nothing of shame, but much to wonder at in a man who was simplicity itself, yet who seemed so subtle and complex in his ways, and in the end comes before us as one of the few pure geniuses, spontaneous and unerring, of the latter end of the nineteenth century. Others who pass through these pages do not survive that ordeal so satisfactorily. We imagine that the future will see a marked and distinct shadow thrown

* "Charles Stewart Parnell and his Love Story and Political Life." By Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). Two vols. Cassell and Co.

over the figure of Gladstone. He stood forward, in his famous letter to John Morley that wrought Parnell's downfall, as the shocked defender of the purity of English homes against this man whom the Divorce Court had so suddenly revealed as a trafficker in unrighteousness: either this wicked man must go, so runs the purport of the letter, or he himself must surrender the leadership of the Liberal Party rather than work in collaboration with him; but now that we are let in behind the scenes we discover that Gladstone has been working in collaboration with Parnell, *on the basis of this knowledge and by the agency of the very relationship it implied*, for nearly nine years previous to the letter, since the Kilmainham Treaty. That Treaty was partly conducted through Mrs. O'Shea; whenever thereafter Gladstone wished to discover Parnell he turned at once to Mrs. O'Shea; he received letters from Parnell continuously addressed from Mrs. O'Shea's house at Eltham, manifestly as from a resident there; and, in one infinitely risible scene, we discover him marching up and down the long room at Downing Street arm in arm with Mrs. O'Shea discussing what working arrangement he could come to with "her friend," whom alone she represented, as she explained, without any further interest in the political situation they discussed.[1]

There are other personalities engaged that belong to some of the serious issues raised in the latter end of these two volumes. They are for subsequent examination. Yet, whoever suffers in reputation in the recital (and there is the unhappy sound of breaking glass throughout), the one man who gains is the one man who has to bear the terrible ordeal of the printing of his most intimate letters throughout an unbroken love story of eleven years. He was, happily for humanity, no rose-pink saint. He never gathered, nor gathers now, that kind of smug reputation about him over which men become so spasmodically and insincerely delirious, mainly because it affects the general tenor of their lives so little. He was, if we will, a very frail and faulty man—though not so frail as faulty; but he was at least a man, and not a halo shaped into the semblance of a man. Yet, whatever his faults, they are not those that have been laid to his charge. Far from being sexually loose, he was, if anything, a fierce and uncompromising monogamist. Of how many men can it be said that, throughout eleven years of a harassed story, his letters at the end are as infinitely tender, as thoughtful and as laughterful with love, as they were at the beginning? He did not, as the world knows, lack traducers; but it would be interesting to look into the hearts of the wives of those traducers in this regard. He played the lover tenderly to the end. Two telegrams a day—one infallibly to bid Good-night—and generally a letter, whenever he was absent in Ireland or detained in London, and continuously so to the very end, is a record that might well knock the weapons out of the hands of the best, or worst, of his haters, had they but the rare faculty of looking within their own hearts.

With such a record the gravamen of the charge against him becomes one of formal doctrine; and here the natural instinct of his mind met challenge with challenge. As Mrs. Parnell justly says:

Parnell's moral standard was a high one, if it is once conceded that as re-

[1] Since these words were written I have seen the suggestion that we should not necessarily accept the bare statement of these books. That is so. Unhappily, however, the statement is neither bare nor unsupported. It is supported by letters, notes, and a highly complicated collateral reference that would be very difficult to fabricate—even assuming the wish to do so. Apart from which there are the implications of Captain O'Shea's letters to his wife in the curious chapter to which subsequent reference is made.

gards the marriage bond his honest conviction was that there is none where intense mutual attraction—commonly called love—does not exist—*or where it has ceased to exist.* To Parnell's heart and conscience I was no more the wife of Captain O'Shea when he (Parnell) first met me than I was after Captain O'Shea had divorced me ten years later. He took nothing from Captain O'Shea that the law of the land could give, or could dispossess him of, therefore he did him no wrong.

His contemporaries for the most part have lost the right to have their criticisms entered: they knew all along, and they condoned; and they were even willing perhaps (as we shall see) to threaten him with their knowledge for their own ends. They remove themselves from court. We of a later generation are content to understand; and it is an essential part of that understanding to see that he met a moral objection with a purely moral, and it may even be said a highly moral, challenge. He raised a question of first principles; and when, in addition to the fact that Mrs. O'Shea only saw her husband socially at her invitation, we find Captain O'Shea taking occasion to complain that his wife was having his flat in town watched by detectives, the question of first principles, as discovered in action respectively in the two men engaged, is illustrated rather appositely. The uncomfortable moment, that must be faithfully recorded, is in the deception practised while Parnell was in Kilmainham with regard to his child. It is quite clear that the secrecy for ten years was a necessity imposed by the cause Parnell served, which was more than himself or his happiness; and it may be said that this particular deception ranks in with the larger issue; but there is another aspect that is both unpleasant and unsavory. It is certain, however, that no one felt it more than Parnell himself. He was not exactly the kind of man who shirked open issues; and what the stress of secrecy meant to him may be seen in that terrible scene Mrs. Parnell records, when in a storm on Brighton pier he in a sudden passion wished to throw both himself and her into the surge of the sea in order to be "free for ever."

It is from the record of such scenes as these that these books take their best value. It has become a kind of accepted custom to speak of Parnell as a typical Englishman, presumably because his manner was cold, his thought cautious, and his purpose relentless. Pedigrees apart, an Irishman may be permitted to contemplate the Mafficking celebrations and to look at Parnell and to wonder; whereas in parts of the West of Ireland it is rather the rule than the exception to find men of relentless passion and a reserved cautious exterior, with a pure Gaelic ancestry. It is no wonder at all to find Parnell addressing such men with perfect understanding; and we scarcely need his repeated declaration to perceive his utter lack of sympathy with the Saxon mind. Apart from all theories, these are the simple facts of the situation; and now, in the light of the most private revelations, such facts become part of the whole problem of the man's personality. Instead of lacking tenderness, he is seen as a man of the wildest, even of the most tremendous, tenderness. Instead of being cold he is discovered as a man of volcanic passion, but with the whole of that passion held in check, and forced to a particular end, by a steel-like will—a will that was perhaps helped by his natural reserve and caution. The ruling force of the man was passion; but a passion that he set out to discipline and direct, not because he thoroughly understood the foes against whom he con-

tended, as it has been said, but because he distrusted them so fundamentally. He did not derive his faith in a hostile campaign, in forcing and relentless methods, from an intelligence of the opposing forces, but from a close observation of them. It was the tactician, not the understanding temperament, who perceived that point; and it was perceived during the first few seemingly driftless years in Parliament, when he saw the calm scorn with which Isaac Butt was held at arm's length. Then the tactician saw the difference there would be if a well-directed force were driven into the very midst of that form-respecting ceremony that seemed so invincible; the cynical humorist saw the joy of such an enterprise; and the man of passion knew that, if the project were to fail, it would be better to fail so than to persist in the other fatuity. In willing the end he willed the means, ruthlessly; he brought the touch of reality; and that is rather a Celtic than a Saxon quality, whatever the man's ancestry.

It is necessary to see this clearly; and these books, revealing as they do "the pulse of the machine," emphasize what is, if not conspicuous, at least discoverable in his purely political life. When the proud reserved man stood with his back to the wall, in the famous meeting in the Committee Room Fifteen, defending himself against those from whom he had a right to expect loyalty, he declared "My position has been granted to me not because I am a mere leader of a parliamentary party, but because I am the leader of the Irish nation." He never spoke more truly. When the Irish people disagreed with him most they yet understood him. They understood the man even when they were in the dark as to his plans: they understood that he himself probably was not better aware than they what his next move would be, and that he waited on the turn of the issue as they waited on him. They trusted him; and he understood them, and knew how far to go with them. When he took up the cause of the Irish peasantry he did not merely stand for and on behalf of them, as anyone judging from his aloofness might have conceived. There are no people in the world more quick to detect and resent that attitude than the Irish peasantry. He stood with them. Behind his reserve, even because of that reserve, they knew that instantly; and in his spare direct phraseology he touched them as they in their reserve touch one another. Daniel O'Connell swept his audiences with him (and sometimes in advance of him) by the hot torrent of his oratory; but Charles Stewart Parnell did not address them, he spoke to them in words that were a form of action, and they understood him perfectly.

These things pre-suppose a strong personality, since the negation of attributes is no virtue. Affection is not aroused by a lack of affection; nor is trust aroused by a lack of sympathy. In single cases the contrary may occur; but it will not long maintain itself. In Parnell's case it was a whole people who loved and trusted him: even the leaders, such as Michael Davitt at one time, and Justin MacCarthy at another, who disagreed with him, and opposed him, did so in pain and with deep feeling. Moreover, he won his position with no specious haste; but slowly and reservedly. Not with any violent speed did he become "the leader of the Irish nation." His arrogance did not actually prohibit that (for it is just to say that in Ireland, though men are arrogant, they make better allowance for the arrogance of others), but it made sympathy more difficult to adjust. Yet when his position was won it was secure. When the decree went out against him in the

name of Faith (that old oppression had made a first loyalty) it was heeded grudgingly; and is remembered to this hour with resentment. And these things are not done by a man as devoid of feeling as Parnell has been supposed to be. He was a man with his mind made up. "No one could flatter Parnell," Mrs. Parnell writes, "neither could anyone humiliate him. 'What I am I am, what I am not I cannot be,' was his summing up of his own and of every other man's personality." She adds: "His cold, scientific way of sorting out and labelling his own party at first made me hesitatingly complain, 'But, after all, they are human beings!' and his characteristic reply was 'In politics, as in war, there are no men, only weapons.'" A man has a right to treat others as he is willing to treat himself; and there is no doubt that, even in the days when he stood to defend himself, he treated himself consistently as a weapon. He polished, refined and tempered that weapon; and as he subordinated himself to the cause he served, so, with equal ruthlessness, he subordinated all others. The rightness or wrongness of the method thus becomes the rightness or wrongness of the cause; and on that he had made up his mind decisively. But this does not mean that human emotion was absent; but only that it was bent to a purpose. The basis of it all was a powerful human emotion. It was out of that stuff the fabric was constructed. From without, the emotion could not be discovered save in the relentless form in which it was couched; and not till now have we been let within in order to see of what sort that emotion could be when it had no purpose to achieve.

There, beyond all the political questions with which their appearance synchronizes, lies the final value of these two books. Indeed, it is here that their chief fault lies. Having once decided to publish the story, it would have been more consonant with the dignity of their subject had they even been more intimate and particular than they are, and dressed with a little less care for a popular reception. Having been invited to look within and see the man with his armor doffed, we wish to learn every detail of him caught thus. We could have been spared some of the details we feel so sure he would have withheld angrily from our knowledge, to learn more of the man that is proper to our understanding. For example, almost as though by accident it slips out that he was naturally a very indolent man.

> He was [says Mrs. Parnell] constitutionally lazy, and absolutely loathed beginning anything. . . . He always made me promise to "worry" him into making a start on any important political work, meeting, or appointment. . . . He used to comfort me by assuring me that it was only the "beginnings" he hated, and that he was all right when he was "once started."

A strong will, "once started," a great genius, and constitutional indolence, are not an infrequent conjunction; but seen beside his resistless energy in any work to which he set his hand, even his blindness to such a thing as physical disability, such as killed him in the end, the mind catches that paradox that always lies near the red heart of humanity. It is just such intimacies as these, that would be unsuspected by those who had to meet him in the arena, that best reveal a man to us; that make him human and believable, and no merely negligible person with a halo to be regarded with mingled respect and distrust from a distance; for they take us to the point of departure from his fellows.

Yet, though he was hard to arouse, once aroused he never looked back. The course he entered upon he not only prosecuted with characteristic energy, but also with that curious sense

of fatality that was so strong a part of his temperament. One such occasion was the trial of the "Manchester Martyrs," which touched him deeply, sent him into Parliament, and caused his first outbreak when in Parliament. The other occasion may best be described in Mrs. Parnell's own words:

We gave several dinners, and to each of them I asked Mr. Parnell. . . . Mr. Parnell did not come. Someone alluded to the "vacant chair," and laughingly defied me to fill it; the rest of our guests took up the tale and vied with each other in tales of the inaccessibility of Parnell, of how he even ignored the invitations of the most important hostesses in London, and of his dislike of all social intercourse—though he had mixed freely in society in America and Paris before he became a politician for the sake of the Irish poor. I then became determined that I would get Parnell to come, and said, amid laughter and applause, "The uncrowned King of Ireland shall sit in that chair at the next dinner I give." One bright sunny day, when the House was sitting, I drove, accompanied by my sister, Mrs. Steele. . . to the House of Commons and sent in my card asking Mr. Parnell to come out and speak to us in Palace Yard. He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought, "This man is wonderful—and different." I asked him why he had not answered my last invitation to dinner, and if nothing would induce him to come. He answered that he had not opened his letters for days, but if I would let him he would come to dinner directly he returned from Paris. . . . In leaning forward in the cab to say good-bye a rose I was wearing in my bodice fell out on my skirt. He picked it up and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole. This rose I found long years afterwards done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers, and when he died I laid it upon his heart.

These were the two influences that caught him, as he would have thought, in a fatality destined from all time; and they worked their way in tragedy to the end.

Mrs. O'Shea was at that time living in virtual separation from her husband. Parnell's subsequent judgment upon Captain O'Shea is to the point: "I was right when I said in '80, as Willie got up on that platform at Ennis, dressed to kill, that he was just the man we did not want in the party"; and from the many indications shown throughout these books it is plain to see the causes that led a woman of marked personality to desire a separate arena for herself. She lived at Eltham, near an aunt of hers; he lived in London; and they only met on the occasions when they dispensed hospitality together. That was the situation, as everybody knew, when Parnell came on to the scene. On the one hand there was no sympathy, and little desire for compromise; on the other hand there was an emotional understanding as significant as it was spontaneous, and as dangerous as both. It was something that came without searching; completely and fatally. Speaking of one of the occasions when they met (and it would seem they met at Captain O'Shea's wish, who was anxious to make his seat secure at the next General Election), she writes:

We had tea in the sitting-room, and he talked politics to me freely till I was interested and at ease, and then lapsed into one of those long silences of his that I was already beginning to know were dangerous in the complete sympathy they evoked between us.

Moreover, he was ill, and she undertook to tend and nurse him. A situa-

tion such as this needs no elaboration. It is outside any attempt to impugn or defend. And, since character is destiny, the dominant factor was Parnell's temperament: passionate, unrelenting, unquestioning, and fatalistic. Moreover, the very political situation helped to enforce the destiny; for it prohibited any display of that great tenderness of his that necessarily, being part of the man, demanded an outlet, and which Mrs. O'Shea's solicitude for him provoked. Mrs. O'Shea says that "Once when he was moving restlessly, I heard him murmur in his sleep, as I pulled the light rug over him, 'Steer carefully out of the harbor—there are breakers ahead'"; but, breakers or no, this much is sure, that he now had a place where he could be tended, and where he could lavish his tenderness, while he maintained his impassive hostility and watchfulness in the war for his country that was his only other world. He was a fatalist: and the many and curious superstitions (if we may accept that term for the omens that justified themselves, so many of them, with such precision in his life) were only part of this; and it is certainly with a haunting sense of fatality that we notice how each of his two worlds helped, caused, and was complementary to, the other. It is an interesting, if an idle, speculation to consider what his public life would have been had he not found a wholly separate outlet for that great tenderness of his nature.

The political situation imposed secrecy; and we find letters written in cypher, from false addresses, and later on, when Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham, in invisible ink. "For good or for ill, I am your husband, your lover, your children, your all. And I will give my life for Ireland, but to you I will give my love, whether it be your heaven or your hell. It is destiny. When I first looked into your eyes I knew."

Thus Mrs. Parnell records Parnell's words. But because of the life that was given to Ireland the love had to be defended from knowledge, however irksome such secrecy might have been. As we have seen, the knowledge soon became the property of those who moved in political circles; and Mrs. O'Shea became the recognized court of appeal whenever Parnell could not be found. When Captain O'Shea discovered it, we cannot say. Rumors having reached him, he went down to Eltham unexpectedly one day, and found Parnell's portmanteau in his room. This was in July 1881, within a year of Parnell's first meeting with Mrs. O'Shea. A duel nearly ensued, but was prevented by Parnell's imperturbable diplomacy. We are told in these volumes that Captain O'Shea "then, as always, was content that what was his, was *his* for good or ill"; and certainly he appears throughout as a man quite sufficiently sick of self-love. But, coming upon these very early suspicions, there could surely be no doubt in his mind after the famous Galway Election. There the fact was stated plainly, by Biggar and others, and must have come to his hearing. However egregious he might have been, could he have been so egregious as to believe that Parnell, the rigid party disciplinarian, was risking his whole leadership in thrusting a man who would not take the party pledge down the throats of the Galway electors simply because he was a sort of go-between in the making of the Kilmainham Treaty; and this, moreover, with the state of affairs stated openly enough and brutally enough at the hustings against himself in the election he was contesting? It seems difficult to believe. At least the mere mention of an ulterior cause in his forced nomination would, we conceive, have been

sufficient to make him pause. Yet, if he did not know then, he knew soon after: he knew by May 1886; that is to say, three years before he thought of instituting proceedings. In a letter to Cardinal Manning, November 27th, 1889, he says "There has been no delay on my part"; but there is an excerpt from his diary of October of that year in which he states that Cardinal Manning, in a personal interview, "asked whether I had proof of actual infidelity." He adds "He read a paper on which I had transcribed copies of *Pall Mall* paragraph, May 14th, 1886; he expressed great sympathy and much grief." The Galway Election was in February 1886. The seat so won at Galway, however, was not resigned.

A whole chapter, indeed, of these two volumes is given to "Captain O'Shea's letters"; and it raises many questions on which we could wish more explicit knowledge than we receive. It is plain that the months of 1885, with the General Election that was pending, were occupied with a good deal of intrigue, some of which is not at all pleasant. Unfortunately, Cardinal Manning is drawn into these intrigues, more by implication than by statement, and it certainly seems due to his name that we should possess the fullest and most detailed knowledge of the transactions Captain O'Shea hints at. We know that Mr. Chamberlain and Gladstone had each of them their rival schemes for Ireland, schemes that meant much in the leadership of the Liberal Party; and that each of them was actively bidding for Parnell's support—who, as usual, kept in touch with them, as well as with Lord Carnarvon, without committing himself to any of them. Now we are told that Mr. Chamberlain offered Captain O'Shea the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland if his part of the intrigue were successful. "The reason," writes Captain O'Shea to his wife, "I am anxious about the Local Government Scheme" (Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, that is to say, as opposed to Gladstone's) "is that if Chamberlain has power, which I think he will in the next Parliament, he will offer me the Chief Secretaryship, or the equivalent position, if the name is abolished, if the boys will let me have it." The nature of the intrigue is seen in the words that follow: "Gladstone," he says, "ought not to know this." So far, indeed, has the intrigue progressed that he can write that "the Cardinal (Manning) has power to assure Parnell and the Government of the full support of the Catholic Church in case of their taking up the Co. and Central Board Government Bill"—which seems to indicate an elaborate enough net. Captain O'Shea, as Mr. Chamberlain's ambassador, becomes ingenuously petulant at Parnell's reluctance to help forward this personal advancement. "I have just seen P.," he writes, "but he appears to funk making a treaty. It is too bad, as it is a great chance, especially as it would allow of my being Chief Secretary in the next Parliament." He even thinks Parnell's reluctance to be significant of some fundamental corruptness in the man's nature. He says "No rational beings who have had dealings with Mr. Parnell would believe him on oath"; and adds the following amazing sentence (with his own exclamation marks): "We know that he has recently said that he is under no obligation or promise to me ! ! ! ! !"

Why, we may well ask, should Captain O'Shea be chosen as the man to persuade Parnell of the advantage of a scheme that offered Ireland less than the plan Gladstone was considering, but which gave Mr. Chamberlain "power in the next Parliament"? And why should he be offered the Chief Secretaryship in the event of his succeeding in his persuasion? His quali-

fications were scarcely conspicuous; and he was known to be hated and distrusted by the Irish Party. Politics, admittedly, are not a pretty business; but, in view of the fact that Parnell's position as Mrs. O'Shea's lover was well known to politicians, the implied threat and reward make one pause indeed. Unfortunately, Captain O'Shea's letter seems to imply that Cardinal Manning had some knowledge of this affair. Much later, when dealing with the pending divorce, he reminds Cardinal Manning of his "notable service" in an "affair of very great importance . . . in 1885," and, in another letter, refers to "the transactions with reference to the Irish Local Government scheme." We would like to think that Cardinal Manning had no part in these "transactions"; and, for our part, we are convinced that these unfortunate letters place him altogether in a false light. The general nature of the "transactions" (we may thank Captain O'Shea for that word) is clear; but of the Cardinal's part in them, or knowledge of them, we learn nothing beyond these hints to which we have referred; and we certainly conceive it as due to his honored memory that we should be put in possession of the fullest possible information.

Darrell Figgis.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

GUSTAV HAMEL.

It is of Gustav Hamel when he was learning to fly that I want to write, not because I feel qualified to deal with the subject of aviation, but because, as he often reminded me, I was the only one of all his friends in London who was with him then, and I have his photograph inscribed: "In memory of my first flight—Gustav."

It was in the summer of 1910 that he came to Paris, with a sum of money which he always carried about in his pockets for safety, and the most invincible determination to become an aviator. Nothing discouraged him, though there were many difficulties in his way and he had many disappointments and delays to encounter before he at last mounted a monoplane and set out on his first journey—a little trial trip along the ground with the tail of his machine tied down to prevent him rising before he had learned to steer. It displeased him to have the tail tied down, for he knew he could steer and he knew he could fly if he once got up in the air. He was crazy to get up in the air. He used to look at the top of the Eiffel Tower and say, "Fancy circling round that!"

It is difficult to remember how comparatively primitive aviation was four years ago and how few facilities there were for learning to fly. There were hardly any schools and machines were scarce. The aerodrome at Issy-les-Moulineaux, where he learned to fly, being also a parade-ground, was required by the army all day, so that it was only available for aviators after six o'clock in the afternoon and, I think, very early in the morning; but it was at six o'clock every afternoon that Gustav used to go there.

The aeroplane that he was to use was also used by other pupils, so that he had to wait his turn: and as there were a good many other pupils this led to much delay. One day one of them had an accident. He didn't hurt himself, fortunately, but he damaged the machine, and Gustav had to wait for several days while it was being repaired. Then nobody thought of going up if there was the least wind; so there were many days which were not

stormy but when the breeze was a little too strong for safety. I have often thought since how extremely patient he was during that time of waiting, and how trying it must have been for him, with his supreme confidence in himself and his ability to fly, to have so many delays. But he never grew angry: only a little depressed and troubled by the seemingly endless postponement, as week after week passed and he still remained on the ground.

Supreme confidence before the event is not always impressive; it is so often merely the outcome of ignorance and vanity. But his confidence carried conviction. One could not help being impressed by it. Moreover, one knew that he had already proved his nerve and his command of motors because he had driven racing cars on the Brooklands track at the age of sixteen. But his belief in himself as an aviator was something like the faith of a great artist who knows what it is in him to do before he has had time to prove it to the world. He knew then, what he proved afterwards, that he had the sense of flight which is something above and beyond a natural aptitude and acquired knowledge. It was the thing which made him the great aviator which he became: it was genius. Not that he ever thought of it like that or talked at all generally of what he would one day do; his modesty and his reticence are well known, especially to his friends—but he *knew*, and he had no other ambition. He thought of flying all day long and dreamed of it at night. When he came out in the morning he always looked up first thing at the tree-tops and the clouds to see how the wind was blowing up there. His heart was in the air.

He was like an artist in more than in his confidence in his powers. He flew not only well but beautifully. There was an unusual sense of form in his flying. And he cared only for flying; he had no interest in the business side of his calling, and indeed had no idea at all of how to advertise himself or how to turn his talents to their best financial advantage.

Though he was probably more advertised eventually than any other aviator has ever been, it was not by any efforts of his own. His fame was the natural outcome of his daring and skill and enterprise, and also of his very engaging personality, which gave an added interest and charm to all he did and had much to do with the strong hold he had on the imagination and affection of the public.

I remember very well the day that he took that first trial trip along the ground. When he was receiving his final instructions, just before starting off, a small comedian, who was one of the pupils, had said, "It doesn't matter what you do; it'll do what it likes." But as soon as Gustav got in his seat and set off he seemed able to steer his machine wherever he wished, so that the mechanics who were standing in front of the hangar and watching him kept exclaiming: "Qu'il dirige bien." "Il fait tout ce qu'il veut." "C'est épatant!"

The next day he went up in the air, and as he never had a mishap and made steady progress it was not long before he got his pilot's certificate. For he took to the air like a bird—as he knew he would.

The complete absence of fear in him was truly remarkable. It was not as if he had heroically made up his mind to banish it from his thoughts. It never entered them. He was by nature completely fearless. I am sure that while he was learning to fly he never felt any anxiety for his personal safety: his anxiety lest he should have an accident was for quite other reasons. He knew he would be delayed again if anything happened to the ma-

chine, and also if he damaged it he would have to pay for the repairs himself, and that might be very expensive. Those were his only fears. He could not understand the fear of death. Since we must all die some time he thought one might as well be killed while flying as die any other way. When last year he was contemplating a flight to America—though he naturally would not attempt it unless he felt convinced that he had a good chance of success, for while he was greatly daring it is well known that he was not reckless—he said, if he failed, he thought it would be much pleasanter to go down and meet his death in the Atlantic Ocean than to have an illness and die in his bed.

While no one knows how he met his death we have good reason to hope that it was swift, and the manner of it seems strangely in keeping with the romance of his life. He flew away and disappeared for ever from our midst. This early finish to his bright career is a tragedy, and his sudden disappearance is a great national loss, but I think he met the end he would have chosen.

Hubert Henry Davies.

The National Review.

"THE PURPLE LIE."

"Arabella," I said, examining the fuzzy part of her which projected above the dome of the coffee-pot, "I perceive that you mope. That being so, I am glad to be able to tell you that I have been presented with two tickets for *The Purple Lie* to-morrow evening."

"Sorry," she replied, "but it's off."

"Off!" I exclaimed indignantly, "when the box-office is being besieged all day by a howling mob, and armored commissionaires are constantly being put into commission to defend it. Off!"

"What I mean to say is," said Arabella, "that we're dining with the Messington-Smiths to-morrow evening."

I bowed my head above the marmalade and wept. "Arabella," I groaned, looking up at last, "what have we done that these people should continue to supply us with food? We do not love them, and they do not love us. The woman is a bromide. Her husband is even worse. He is a phenacetin. I shall fall asleep in the middle of the asparagus and butter myself badly. Think, moreover, of the distance to Morpheus Avenue. Remember that I have been palpitating to see *The Purple Lie* for weeks."

"So have I," said Arabella. "It's sickening, but I am afraid we must pass those tickets on."

I happened that day to be lunching with my friend Charles. "The last thing in the world I want to do," I said to him, "is to oblige you in any way, but I chance to have—ahem!—purchased two stalls for *The Purple Lie* which I cannot make use of. I had forgotten that I am dining with some very important and—er—influential people to-morrow night. When a man moves as I do amid a constant whirl of gilt-edged engagements——"

"Ass!" said Charles, and pocketed the tickets.

On the following morning I perceived a large crinkly frown at the opposite end of the breakfast table, and, rightly divining that Arabella was behind it, asked her what the trouble was.

"It's the Messington-Smiths," she complained. "They can't have us to dinner after all. It seems that Mrs. Messington-Smith has a bad sore throat."

"Any throat would be sore," I replied, "that had Mrs. Messington-Smith talking through it. I wonder

whether Charles is using those tickets."

"You might ring up and see."

To step lightly to the telephone, ask for Charles's number, get the wrong one, ask again, find that he had gone to his office, ring him up there and get through to him, was the work of scarcely fifteen minutes. "Charles," I said, "are you using those two stalls of mine to-day?"

"Awfully sorry," he replied, "but I can't go myself. I gave them away yesterday evening."

"Wurzel!" I said. "Who to?"

"To whom," he corrected gently. "To a dull man I met in the City named Messington-Smith."

"Named *what?*" I shrieked.

"Messington-Smith." *M* for Mpret, *E* for Eiderdown——"

"Where does he live?"

"21, Morpheus Avenue."

For a moment the room seemed to spin round me. I put down the transmitter and pressed my hand to my forehead. Then in a shaking voice I continued— "Of all the double-barrelled, unmitigated, blue-faced——"

"What number, please?" sang a sweet soprano voice. I rang off, and went to break the news to Arabella.

Punch.

She was silent for a few moments, and then asked me suddenly, "Whereabouts in the stalls were those seats of ours?"

"Almost in the middle of the third row," I replied mournfully.

Arabella said no more, but with a rather disdainful smile on her face walked firmly to her little escritoire, sat down, wrote a note, and addressed it to Mrs. Messington-Smith.

"What have you said?" I asked, as she stamped her letter with a rather vicious jab on King George's left eye.

"Just that I am sorry about her old sore throat," she replied. "And then I went on, that wasn't it funny by the same post we had been given two stalls for *The Purple Lie* to-night in a very good place in the middle of the third row? She will get the letter by lunch-time," she added pensively, "and it will be so nice for her to know that we shall be sitting almost next to them."

"But we aren't going to *The Purple Lie* at all," I protested.

"No," she said, "and as a matter of fact I don't suppose the Messington-Smiths are either—now."

I left Arabella smiling triumphantly through her tears.

THE REBEL SONG.

At Woolwich the other day a dozen singers from one of the Arsenal choirs went round among the crowds of strikers, singing. They sang various spirit-stirring songs—"The Soldiers' Chorus," the "Soldier's Farewell," "Comrades in Arms," and "Excelsior." We should be much surprised if one of their favorite choruses did not end with the line, "We'll keep the Red Flag flying here," though perhaps they might think that song too Socialistic for employees of the State. After the first performance, the leader of the choir said to the crowded square, "We just want to cheer you up. The aim of the music is just to keep you all up on the top of that spirit which leads fighters to victory."

That is the object of all martial music. For this the tom-tom throbs, the pibroch skirls (or whatever the pibroch does!), the fife screams "The British Grenadiers," the German band blows "Die Wacht am Rhein." All is meant just to keep people up on the top of that spirit which leads fighters to victory. Some songs possess this power in a remarkable degree. "Brian Boru" and "The Men of Harlech"—

how fine in massive simplicity! "Scots wha hae" is fine also. "Rule Britannia" is too fantastic and quavering in the solo part, but the chorus comes down with a splendid crash. "Hearts of Oak" is, perhaps, our next finest national song. But the "Marseillaise" is the model of all that a song should be to keep us on the top of that spirit which leads fighters to victory. How far association of ideas and history goes in giving power to a song, we are not sure. Certainly it goes a long way, for otherwise no one could feel moved to victory by "Yankee Doodle." But when association is combined with splendor of sound, as in the Marseillaise," the result is irresistible. That is why the "Marseillaise" has become the anthem of freedom all round the world, though set by each nation to different words. The moment there comes a glimpse of freedom, the streets of Russian cities ring with it, and among ourselves the Suffragettes invariably sing it in their processions to Holloway prison or the Square.

The words in these songs are usually unimportant, and often poor. So long as the general sentiment is all right, people are easily satisfied, though the expression is crude, bald, and entirely unpoetic. It is so, for instance, in "The Red Flag" and the original "Marseillaise" itself. So, for all we know of Welsh, it may be in "The Men of Harlech." So it certainly was in "We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo, if we do"—a song which confirmed a shaky Government in power, and added another queer word to "Whig" and "Tory" among our political parties. Usually the songs of our own people find very bare and primitive expression, as in the hymn of the South Staffordshire coal-miners, beginning:—

"O heavenly Father above!
Protect us, we heartily crave;
For surely our masters intend
To hurry us into the grave."

But at times, especially in rebel songs, indignation has driven to a finer, though hardly more pathetic, form of verse. Ebenezer Elliott's "When wilt thou save the people? O God of mercy! when?" marks the difference between poetry and doggerel. Ernest Jones from his prison reached the same high level in his "Song of the 'Lower Classes,'" beginning:—

"We plow and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay."

And he rose still higher in the "Easter Hymn," the third verse of which may well have inspired Swinburne's "Before a Crucifix":—

"Like royal robes on the King of Jews,
We're mocked with rights that we may not use,
'Tis the people so long have been crucified,
But the thieves are still wanting on either side."

As Professor Edward Browne says in the preface to "The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia" (Cambridge University Press), the Irish are pre-eminent in this kind of rebel poetry—the poetry of indignation. It would be strange if it were not so, since the Irish are a poetic people, indignant for seven centuries. Cruelty and injustice kindle the fire of indignation, and since we set foot in the country, Ireland has never been without that flame. It is hard to choose examples, because the finest were, no doubt, sung in Irish, which so few now understand, and in the Irish efforts to write English verse we find for some generations the usual faults of verse written in a foreign language—the use of stilted words, the ignorance of subtle meanings and associations. But the amount of rebel songs produced in Ireland has been enormous. You can buy sheets of them for a penny each. We have two such sheets before us, both printed on vivid green paper, and decorated with the Irish emblems. One contains

about 100 songs; the other 150; and there is little over-lapping. The descendants of Scots and English in Ulster have become Irish in this, as in so many other habits. They, too, publish penny sheets of songs, printed on orange or purple paper, and decorated with weary representations of Dutch William on his prancing steed. They are called "The Orange Standard Songster," "The Maiden City Song Book," and similar names, and the songs narrate old scenes of miserable strife that the English never heard of or have long forgotten—"Dolly's Brae," "The Murder of McBriar," and "The Aughalee Heroes," besides the innumerable verses on Derry and the Boyne. For the style and temper we quote just one verse from "Dolly's Brae," perhaps the best written of these effusions:—

"But with the ancient serpent's love
Of perjury and lying,
The conquered reptiles seek to move
Men's pity by their crying;
They swear that Ribbonmen are saints,
That Orangemen are sinners;
But we all laugh at their complaints
Which is but right with winners."

It is hard to know whether to call that sort of verse rebel or loyalist now. But it was supposed to be loyalist when it was written, and the loyalist verse has never equalled the rebel in spirit and attraction. This kind of political verse requires the flame of rage or the pity and excitement of danger. An "ascendancy"—a dominant or Imperial power—can never do much with it. And so it is that, for the noblest type of the political song we must go to the despised, oppressed, and persecuted peoples—the peoples who have lived in peril, with the flame of indignation in their hearts. It is among them we find "The Croppy Boy," "Let Erin remember the Days of Old," "At the Three Bullet Gate," "The West's Awake," and "The Dark Rosaleen." Among them you may still hear such songs as "The Transvaal Irish Brigade," preserved by Lady Gregory:—

"Oh, mother of the wounded breast!
Oh, mother of the tears!
The sons you loved, and trusted best,
Have grasped their battle spears."

The same spirit prevails in the songs and poems which Professor Browne has selected from the recent political poetry of Persia. They are rebel poems and songs—rebellious first against the misgovernment of the late Shahs, and now against the encroaching domination of Russia, supported by British diplomacy. Here are the lamentations of a country that delivered itself from tyranny, struggled gallantly to live in freedom for a while, and because its freedom and prosperity would not suit a huge and despotic neighbor, is being trampled down beneath a despotism far more intolerable than that from which it escaped. The tragedy is recent; it is still in progress; it intimately concerns us; and the verses and songs intimately concern us, too. They are not flattering to our national pride, for they are just, and there is nothing in recent Persian history upon which we can justly flatter ourselves. Nor are the cartoons, interspersed among the poems, flattering either. But like the brilliant outburst of cartoon-drawing, political satire, songs, and public-speaking in Russia herself nine years ago, neither cartoons nor songs will continue. Already the Russian Government has put its heel upon them, as upon free speech in its own country, and newspapers, satires, poems, and cartoons have been exterminated or driven underground as in the old days of despotic Shahs. To this suppression our agreement with Russia has contributed, and now Professor Browne presents us with a few fragments from the wreck we have helped to make.

Most of the poems are long, and not

good, and we can give only a few lines of extracts. One, for instance, written in 1909, expresses the despair of the Devil at the fall of despotism. It begins, set in Professor Browne's translation:—

"The wily old devil did groan and greet,
'What'll I do? O what'll I do?'
For the Constitution has found its feet:
'What'll I do? O what'll I do?'
The Bird of Liberty preens its wings in a rose-girt land,
And Tyranny's vein is severed at last by Justice's hand,
And the despot's eyes are blinded by Freedom's gleaming brand,
And the autocrats are, it would seem, dead beat,
'What'll I do? O what'll I do?'
The wily old devil did groan and greet,
'What'll I do? O what'll I do?'"

All too soon the scene is clouded, and the Devil comes to his own again, as is seen in the following extracts from other poems:—

"The very field sheds tears of blood over the peasant's state;
The very heart of the stone doth melt at the peasant's fate;
Hungry and naked the peasant's child and the peasant's mate,
Alas for the peasant's woes untold!
Alack and alas for the winter's cold!
Fie on this life and this star sinister, banishing joy!
Out on this page reversed and the zeal without employ!
'Alas for Tabriz, doomed to become the Russians' toy!
And for Qazwin by Muscovite troops patrolled!'
Cry the cocks and the roosters, young and old!"

The last two lines of each verse end with the crowing of a cock, for the Persians like a dash of fun in their lamentations.

"Mother dear, I slept, I saw a vision:
Ramazán was over, mother dear;
Everyone in clover, mother dear!
But my dream was a delusion, mother dear!
All delusion and confusion, mother dear!
Mother dear, I slept, I saw a vision:
The Constitution flourished, mother dear;
All the poor were housed and nourished, mother dear!
But my dream was a delusion, mother dear!
All delusion and confusion, mother dear!"

Or take the beginning of another poem, written in execration of the two Christian invaders:—

"A strangely disordered dream do I see on this ill-starred night;
I see visible before my sight a fate fraught with peril.
I see the moving ship of Persian Independence fallen
Into the whirlpool of misfortunes, and the captain in despair.
I see the King and his courtiers sunk in the ship of heedlessness,
While on the other hand I see my country trampled by the wrath of the English and the Russians.
I see two man-eating wolves, with intent to compass the destruction of a flock,
Linked by treaty, allied by promises, and grown familiar with one another."

It is not pleasant reading for a people who used to talk a good deal about liberty. But let us take comfort. It will soon be over. Our Russian ally has obliterated it already.

The Nation.

THE AILMENTS OF TRAVEL.

Some travellers are more susceptible, or at least more squeamish, than others, and not many perhaps would share the weakness of Fynes Morison, a notable writer of mediæval travels, who vowed that the sight of an old

Irishwoman before breakfast would turn any man's stomach. It is nevertheless the curious fact that many folks who are in the enjoyment of perfect health so long as they remain at home contract some illness or other the moment they adventure on their travels, and it is in giving thanks for complete immunity from any sort of ailment during several months of arduous wanderings in Equatorial Africa, during the whole of which I never registered a single degree of "temperature," or suffered the least bad effect of either heat or chill, that I am in the mood to ponder on the maladies to which I saw many others, both residents and tourists, unwilling but helpless victims.

The first and last of these was, as might be expected, seasickness, and what I saw of this distressing ailment during the progress of various steamers up and down the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean left me more than ever convinced of its psychological aspect. Time and again I found people going on board their ship with the fixed determination of being ill, and ill they were despite the kindest of seas and steadiest of steamers. Yet there is another ailment of sea travel for which the ship's doctor has no remedy, and its name is boredom, resulting in irritability and a general out-of-tuneness with the patient's surroundings. The only preventive of this is in the traveller's own hands, and consists in an intelligent interest, feigned rather than altogether lacking, in his fellows, and a determination to make the best of what can, even thus idealized, only be a very aimless existence. Many of those who cross the ocean must feel, with Gonzalo, that they would gladly give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, and this horror of the unchanging, inexorable prospect of sea and sky is as obsessive in calm weather as in rough. It is true that ocean travel, though still subject to sudden and terrible catastrophe, is no longer attended by the risks which inspired an Elizabethan writer to counsel that everyone embarking on a voyage should make his peace with God and satisfy his creditors; but its minor discomforts, though immeasurably diminished on our modern liners, are still sufficiently irritating to interfere with perfect health of mind and body unless steps be taken to cope with the special demands of an abnormal environment.

Once the traveller has landed in Africa—and it is to the heart of that strangely alluring continent that these remarks are dedicated—his trouble may be traced to one of three sources: the sun, biting flies, or impure drinking-water. One or other of these is the first cause of sunstroke, dysentery, malaria, sleeping-sickness, and chill; and the traveller who comes through Africa, as was lately my good fortune, unscathed by any of them may congratulate himself, however careful he has been, on excellent good luck. Ordinary precautions against the fierce rays of the sun, such as a pith helmet, colored glasses, and a white umbrella, with a spine-pad for use if the coat is discarded, will go a long way to keep him in health; but without luck they will not go the whole way. On the other hand, luck without these obvious safeguards will go no way at all.

What those new to the tropics find it so hard to believe is that it is, if anything, easier on the Equator to die of cold than of heat, and that chill at sunset is a far more likely danger than sunstroke at noon. Common sense should dictate the simple steps needed to avert such a risk, and a change of clothing after riding into camp, or after playing golf or tennis, will occur to anyone sufficiently intelligent to travel alone.

The attacks of biting insects involve somewhat more serious defences. Every schoolboy knows nowadays that malaria and sleeping-sickness are caused by the bite of a mosquito and a tsetse-fly respectively—not by any mosquito or any tsetse-fly, but by some specific member, or members, of these families. The authorities are nowadays waging unremitting war on these pests, eradicating the mosquito and the tsetse within reasonable range of human dwellings—the first by either draining or oiling the watery nursery in which it deposits its eggs, the second by clearing the bush that alone affords shelter against the direct rays of the African sun, which the tsetse cannot tolerate. All that the individual can do, particularly if continually on the move, is so far as possible to exclude these undesirables from his tent and from his person. Mosquito-netting is the obvious protection, and he may in addition employ various lotions to make his skin distasteful to these epicures and, in the case at any rate of the mosquito, so poison his blood with quinine as to make it fatal to the bacillus of malaria.

There remains dysentery, and against this the only safeguard is to boil and filter all water used for drinking or cooking purposes. There is however little or no excuse for omitting these precautions, since a camp fire is easily lighted and portable filters are available in great variety. Now and again, during a long day's ride under the sun, I have been compelled to drink water au naturel, and, having drunk, have prayed; but the hours of anxiety that are the inevitable sequel to such an indiscretion are only a little less harrowing than the pangs of thirst.

There is simply no hard-and-fast rule for keeping in health while tramping and riding in the tropics. Of this I had new and convincing proof when, on my last voyage home, I found among my fellow-passengers a well-known African explorer with whom, not many months before, I had engaged in a friendly controversy as to the best means of keeping fit under such conditions. We differed on many points of diet and drugs, yet, each practising as he preached, we emerged after many weeks of a trying climate equally free from disease.

The first and most natural inference from this encounter is that more than one road leads to the same goal; but the second and even more convincing is that both of us were used to tropical travel, and that, allowing for minor divergences of taste, we probably followed the same broad lines of careful living and intelligent use of the medicine-chest.

No doubt life in Equatorial regions entails more risks than at home, an admitted fact of which insurance companies make sufficient account in the additional premiums charged for such departures from normal conditions. Yet the ailments incidental to African travel dwindle notably as Europe acquires a firmer hold on rebellious Nature, realizing the obligations of ownership so far as to combat such tropical diseases as are the work of hostile insects, controlling the water-supply in towns, and clearing the bush and draining the swamps in outlying districts. With so much done for him by the State, it is the traveller's own fault if he does not do the rest for himself; and in the near future travel in Equatorial Africa should involve little more risk to normally healthy subjects than staying at home and indulging in the Lilliputian travels that alone are possible within the compass of this island.

F. G. Aflalo.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's paper on "The Monroe Doctrine and Mommsen's Law" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) was read before the American Society of International Law at Washington last April, and as it happened that the landing of American forces at Vera Cruz had taken place the day before there was a special timeliness in the subject. The paper is brief, and discusses not the present validity or invalidity of the Monroe doctrine, but its origin in the section which J. Q. Adams, the Secretary of State, supplied to the famous message of President Monroe. By "Mommsen's Law" Mr. Adams means the law defined by the historian Mommsen "that a people which has grown into a state absorbs its neighbors who are in political nonage."

Alleyne Ireland's "Joseph Pulitzer" (Mitchell Kennerley) is as far as possible from being a formal biography of its subject. Mr. Ireland knew Mr. Pulitzer only during the last two years of his life, but he knew him then intimately, as one of his secretaries, and he has written these reminiscences of him with a candor, a vividness and a sense of humor which make them diverting reading, and at the same time give a clear impression of one of the most forceful and extraordinary figures in the history of American journalism. The story of Mr. Pulitzer's rise from obscurity and poverty to wealth, influence and power reads like a romance, all the more because the latter part of his brilliant career was handicapped by physical collapse and total blindness. He was irritable, arbitrary, domineering, but those who were nearest to him and suffered most from his caprices,—like Mr. Ireland and his secretarial associates—respected his powers and his phenomenal initiative most highly and retained through everything a warm personal regard. Eight portraits illustrate the book.

In the introduction to Anna Robeson Burr's "Religious Confessions and Confessants," Mrs. Burr makes the statement that never before were men so interested in religion, a statement borne out by the libraries, which report a greater demand for books on religion than was ever known before. Mrs. Burr has given us a new book dealing with religion, interesting and original. It is not a study of religion, but a study of the religious development of the race, viewed from the standpoint of modern psychology. Accepting the modern psychologist's view that the soundest method for studying mental or spiritual experiences is through introspection, Mrs. Burr argues that the individual religious confessions (the word confession taken in its broadest sense) of all ages are the introspection records of the spiritual experience of religion. We are led from the confessions of Socrates through those of St. Paul, St. Augustin, and hundreds of others to those of Rousseau and Amiel. From this study, Mrs. Burr induces the conclusion that religion is a force, whose typical manifestation is the religious experience which can be recognized just as we recognize the typical manifestations of the force, electricity. The occurrence of the experience is accompanied by a lowered vitality plus emotional excitement. The experience, she affirms, is due to animistic revival acting counter to later developed intellectual and social elements of personality. The joy and peace of conversion she regards as the effects of psychological suggestion. Houghton Mifflin Company.